

THE HOMELESS: Small Solutions • BANKING: Why Matthew Barrett Left

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 8, 1999

Alanis

Reinventing

A Canadian pop star
speaks her mind on
rage, love, sex and
the onslaught
of fame

By Brian D. Johnson



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The Mail

Men's health issues

Your cover report on "Men's health" (Feb. 23) was a welcome and long overdue piece of journalism, but I was disappointed you neglected the entire field of men's reproductive health. Even in this day and age, sex is so much a matter of discretion as men's health. Contraception issues provide considerable discord among couples, and unexpected pregnancies exact a heavy toll on the careers of men and women. With the modern, non-surgical, vasectomy, pain, complications, adverse effects and other horror stories of legions are virtually nonexistent. Despite more than 30 percent of vasectomies performed in the United States in 1995 being non-surgical, the technique remains unrecognized in many Canadian centres.



Dr. Barry Berk, Vancouver

You mention how few male menopause or andropause ("Thinning the men's menopause") I would like to point out that there is a blood test to diagnose andropause. It is the measure of "free" or "bioavailable" testosterone. I hope that your story will stimulate the formation of a men's health movement in Canada.

Dr. Jack Marmé-Bell, Ottawa

I was dismayed to read that men with prostate cancer feel threatened by the government, fearing that it is going to breast cancer and feel they should receive equal funding for their disease ("Confronting the cancer").

Having worked long and hard, together with thousands of women with breast cancer, to raise our funding \$845 million over the next five years from the federal government, I feel quite depressed that men with prostate cancer should begrudge as the money I agree that prostate cancer is on-

derfunded, especially when you look at what the federal government is spending on AIDS. So, prostate cancer guys, don't beat up on us guys with breast cancer—we have enough to worry about. Take your male counterparts in the powerful AIDS lobby to task (and).

Dr. Maria Thompson, Vancouver

It seems funny to me how you can write about men wanting their forelocks back and it would seem a popular thing. You make it sound as though so many men are it such a great loss because they have no forelocks. In fact, some men get circumcised later in life to improve their sex lives and many of them wish they had it done sooner. I would suggest that you at least consider showing two sides to this issue and stop trying to start some kind of emotional roller-coaster that will eventually guide a number of unstable and insecure males into thinking their lives and sexual ability have been ruined because they haven't a forelock.

Robt Gower, Montreal, N.B.

Your cover story sure hit a nerve in this household. I am one of the thousands of sexually inhibited men in this area (inhibited who is quietly and non-surgically reconstructing

his forelock). It was good to see a national magazine mention that we are out here—"Invisible." Although not yet finished, the improvement in the quality of sex for me and my patient counterparts is remarkable. At age 57, my restored sex life is better than it was at 20. If more women knew what they were missing, they would demand their men get full coverage. If more men knew what they have been missing out on all these years, they would demand attention. I have laboured terribly to get behind me the sadness and anger over what was done to my sex life. Guy Raymond, Toronto, Ont.

I went through an episode of clinical depression requiring hospitalization six years ago when I was 40. It was the most terrible event of my life. I agree that depression is likely caused by a chemical imbalance in the brain and drugs may be needed in the short term to restore that balance. For me, however, the chemical imbalance lessened as I learned to regain control of my thoughts, emotions and controlling behaviour through cognitive, rational and logical therapy methods. I discovered after studying self-help materials available at public and college libraries and through the Canadian Mental Health Association that I could ditch the antidepressant drug Prozac. And knowing that

I had conquered the "black dog" by using my own mental resources for an instead of against me was truly emancipating.

Ray Allen, Denver, Alta.

Although I agree there's no shame in suffering from depression, I'm troubled by the current emphasis on a neurophysiological cause and by Dick Murphy's statement: "All it is is a chemical imbalance in the brain." It seems to me this attitude is an abrogation of personal responsibility and, more important, disempowering. Certainly, antidepressants are valuable in helping people to get out of danger and grounded enough to do the psychological work necessary to heal. I like to think, however, that those of us suffering from depression have the potential to eventually be free of medication. Taking ownership and control of the difficult internal work is my responsibility, but also my right.

Steve Krasner, Toronto

The Y2K problem

After Farnborough, why do you persist in the article and gobs who misquote me caused the Y2K problem ("Behold the Y2K bug—vengeance of nerds and geeks,"

Jan. 25)? Or did they know what they were doing and yet continue to manufacture and market defective products? If I had been the marketing of an automobile or pharmaceutical company, they would have been obliged to make a massive recall or face ruinous lawsuits by those automotors that have had to have nerds and geeks to fix the faulty rear chaises. Where are the lawyers?

L.A. Cummings, Windsor, Ont.

Military sponsorship

Charlie Gordon's concern about corporate sponsorship is a fair concern. However, I imagine the "Trojan Horse." Another View, March 11. We have a long history of sponsorship, especially in the military. I draw your attention to the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry and the Princess Louise Fusiliers. Given that such processes with a military bent are now in short supply, why not seek commercial backing for our troops? As a former Marine who was an airborne paratrooper in the Second World War, I would have been proud to serve in K. C. Irving's Motorized Dragoons or Sokey's Light Infantry. What Quebec youth would not have been pleased to serve, with alacrity, in the Black of Montreal's Light

The Mail

Chambers? The Royal LePage Realtors' website has been a nuisance for the men of Ontario and the Canadian Pacific Great Plains Rangers would have had no trouble obtaining all the troops they needed from these droves of young westerners in whom the love of Empire was strong. Across the mountains, no regiment could have been more popular than Macle's Motorized Hussars. I urge, therefore, that Gordon cast his camera aside. Let's get on with it: the times they are a-changing! *Sigs.*

Derek J. Clemons
Victoria

Repairing diplomacy

Yes, everything that Bruce Wallace says in his column "Asleep at the wheel" (Feb. 22) — and more — happened. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien could also have asked former prime minister Joe



Chrétien, still here to express condolences of Canadians

Clark to attend King Hussein's funeral in his absence. But he did not. King Hussein's death is an irreversible tragedy that the inability of the Prime Minister to attend this funeral is a reversible diplomatic failure. Since Mr. Chrétien only has 24 hours to perform a burial, but it also allows a funeral period of 40 days to mourn and console the family. Our Prime Minister and his wife can still

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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make a private visit to Jordan and express the condolences of the people of Canada. Water is not under the bridge yet.

Shrek Kort
Abbotsford, B.C.

I guess that the "Little Guy from Shawinigan" doesn't have what it takes to play with the "Big Boys in the Big Leagues." Canadians deserve better.

Daniel R. McLean
Poncha Springs, B.C.

Split-run magazines

Regarding Bill C-55 and so-called U.S. split-run magazines ("A Split in the Nation," Business, Feb. 15), few seem to realize that the editorial content of a magazine is the product's labour component. After that, it's just paper, press time and marketing expense. Forget for a moment the position of Canadian magazines and Canadian culture. Imagine the hue and cry the American would raise were a Canadian firm to export a product for sale in the United States that had little or no labour cost, thereby enabling it to severely undercut the price of its U.S. competitors. If Canada does not stand firm on this issue, we might as well resign ourselves to total domination by the United States, cultural as well as economic.

Peter Perry
Calgary, Ont.

Small lies are OK?

Let me be sure I have heard right: Liberos are to be drawn into the conclusion of the Mexican Lamenting the Clinton brushback ("Payback time?" World, Feb. 22). It must, after all, have an important bearing on what we teach our young people: 1) A person will not be punished by the courts (read the Congress of the United States) for lying as long as the lie was small enough. The issue was, surely, never whether Clinton lied but whether the size of the lie justified removing him from office. Thus, our young people should learn that lying is all right so long as the amount is not too large: 2.3 in the eyes of the majority of the people of the United States. It is permissible for the President to be a womanizer and a liar so long as he does a good job of being President. So I can teach young doctors that

The Odd Squad

Your article about Vancouver police officers known as the Odd Squad and their distasteful habit of drug use to high-school kids ("Taping the bar," Television, Feb. 22) brought back memories of 30 years ago. My youngest son, Dean, was in Grade 1 when his school showed a film on what smoking does to your lungs. When he got home, he destroyed a fresh carton of cigarettes my wife had just bought for me. On my arriving home and finding more cigarettes, I finally found them in the garbage can. When asked why he had done it, he said, "Smoking will kill you." After cooling down, I realized that whatever my son-year-old had been shown must have been serious. Dean and I made a deal that I would quit and he would never quit smoking. I have not smoked in 29½ years and Dean never started. Get Through a Blue (see above) so as many schools and people as possible and the film may help save many lives and avoid serious health problems for others. Congratulations to Vancouver police officers Al Anderson and Toby Harlan.

Bruce Waterson,
Seattle, Wash.

It is all right to have extramarital relations and to be about them as long as they are good physicians. What I got it right?

Dr. William C. Green,
Toronto, Ont.

The next time an American political party sets out to crowdy a president, they should have a supply of anti-noise-dumbbells.

Edward W. James
Montreal

U.S. President Bill Clinton deserves a special award as best actor of the year as well, what category would you say drama? tragedy comedy? farce? fantasy? And the envelope, please.

Dorja Epps,
Nashua

Good government

The solution of lowering taxes is in order to prepare for the future ("Future Shock," Cover, Feb. 15) is nonsensical. The social problems you predict can only be resolved by infusion of money into the right places at the right times, and only government has the resources, mandate and compelling interest to do the job. What other social trends exist to ensure that the aged can live in dignity, that socially ineffectual research and development can be instituted and that income can be redistributed sufficiently to

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Editorial Update



The Maclean's Guide to Canadian Colleges 1999

Faced with high tuition costs, savvy students have realized the importance of making the "learning-learning connection," and are flocking to colleges to acquire practical, job-related skills that will help them secure challenging, well-paid jobs.

Realizing that students are increasingly attracted to Canada's colleges, Maclean's has published the *Maclean's Guide to Canadian Colleges 1999*. This new book is the first resource to offer unbiased and comprehensive information about the country's 130 community and university colleges, technical institutes and CEGEPs.

In addition to essential facts about each school's academic strengths, tuition costs, financial aid services, the new guide looks at residence costs, how to ask the library to access on-line learning options, and the hot job links of the future.

The *Maclean's Guide to Canadian Colleges 1999* retails for \$9.95 and is now available at bookstores and newsstands everywhere.

Newsstand Notes



Web Site News

Maclean's on the World Wide Web serves up a variety of stories from the current week's issue. Our address is <http://www.macleans.ca>

Our Internet edition also offers:

- **Maclean's Weekly Briefcase** – Informative and entertaining Web sites tied to the week's top stories, selected by Yahoo! Canada and Maclean's
- **Maclean's Rogers** – A selection of previous stories organized to help readers follow current issues
- **University Rankings** – Our annual look at universities, plus a directory with links to university Web sites
- **Maclean's Forum** – A place to speak out on issues of the day

Maclean's TV



Sundays 11:30 a.m.

Hosted by Pamela Milne, this weekly half-hour show provides a novel look at the people and news from the pages of Maclean's. Maclean's TV is television worth watching. Watch Maclean's TV on CTV every Sunday morning at 11:30 a.m. before Mike Duffy's Sunday Report.

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Backstage



Anthony Wilson-Smith

The road from the CFL to NBC

It's hard to think of anyone more profoundly Canadian than Bob McKeown. Born and raised in Ottawa, his father Robert was a longtime editor of the now-defunct *Weekend Magazine*, and member of the Parliament Press Gallery. His wife, Shellagh D'Arcy McKeown, is related by blood to Father of Confederation Thomas D'Arcy McKeown, the late Ottawa Journal publisher and senator. Gertton O'Leary, the great Ottawa Silver Seven hockey player Frank McKeown, and her father, also Frank McKeown, was a federal MP and Tory cabinet minister. In the early 1950s, Bob was an all star centre with the Grey Cup-champion Ottawa Rough Riders before giving it up to become a journalist. That decision, he jokes, "spoke well for my physical health, but perhaps not my sanity." Two decades later he provided on the Montreal Canadiens and Edmonton Oilers remain must sees for sports fans. As a television reporter, he spent a decade with the CBC's *the 9th estate*.

At the same time, it's hard to find many people more wired to the mainstream American psyche than the now-39-year-old McKeown. As a student football player at Yale, he swapped the ball to quarterback Brian Dawkins—later immortalized in classroom Garry Trudeau's *Doomsday* comic strip as the hard-headed, helmet-wearing B.D. For many, the Emmy Award-winning McKeown will always be known as "the first American in Kuwait City." After leaving the CBC for a job at CBS in 1990, he and his camera crew arrived in Kuwait's capital on the acapaying Iraqi army was fleeing—a day ahead of Allied troops. With a satellite dish and portable generator, he began broadcasting live—and when he went off air, the Pentagon and White House called the network, asking that he be put back on.

With his CBS advertisement stalled after too many suggestions that he was talked to succeed, anchor Dan Rather, McKeown jumped to NBC in 1995. He landed at *Dawkins*, which, with news crews reaching 20 million viewers, was tying with 60 Minutes to be the most watched newsmagazine. One of the first to greet him was co-host Jane Pauley—wife of Garry Trudeau. And when NBC's summer drama *Discovery* produced a much hyped documentary about the Taliban last November, there was McKeown again, beating and preceding it on look channels.

In short, even when McKeown isn't working out interesting people and events, they have a way of appearing around him. Sometimes, that's by circumstance, such as the way McKeown arrived in the Gulf War in the first place. He talked his way over as a replacement for colleague Bob Simon, who had been captured by the Iraqis. More often, McKeown is in the right place because he simply can't bear sitting out on breaking news. When he arrived in

Saudi Arabia, he and his crew donned uniforms given them by the British that made them look like soldiers, had their vehicles painted with the camouflage colours used by regular troops, and staked their way to the front. That shouldn't be surprising for a man who raised most of his magazines in order to cover a war in Nicaragua.

Fortunately, Shellagh, a journalist now working at the Courtroom Television Network, understands these things. And these days, enthusiasm for the Big Story is more important than ever, because no show has a more voracious appetite for news than *Dawkins*. McKeown's old show the *9th estate* broadcasts an average of 24 original hour-long programs a year. *Dawkins*, running five days a week, airs shows that come every month. At the Dallas-based cultural centre in New York City's Rockerfeller Center, NBC news is stalled 24 hours a day, year round. The show also has a large West Coast operation in Burbank, Calif., where former CTV and CBC journalist Nellie McKeown is based.

Former Ottawa Rough Rider Bob McKeown made his name in TV news as 'the first American in Kuwait City'

Anyone who thinks life becomes easier near the top isn't worked by *Dawkins*, or its often-compellous co-ABC, CBS's *The First American* and cable. A sample work lifted from his database reads like this: McKeown began with a 7 a.m. Monday flight from New York to Washington where he picked up a rented car and drove to a town an hour away in Maryland. He rehearsed that afternoon in Capitol Hill, then drove the car at 10 p.m. to the airport in Baltimore, then flew to Houston. On Tuesday, he got up at 6 a.m., drove six hours to Paris, Tex., for a shoot, and spent the night there. He finished the assignment on Wednesday at 4 p.m., made a 3½ hour drive to Dallas airport, and caught a 7 p.m. flight back to New York, arriving twice at 3 a.m. He got up four hours later and went straight to his office.

At any time, McKeown is usually working on about a dozen stories in various depressed production. That requires a hard chuck on economics as well as facts, since stories make them self personally pre-likes to interviewing a convicted child killer on a penthouse. It's only complaint, he says, "is when things get slow, I get bored."

McKeown decided to leave Canada in the late 1980s when, approaching 40, he could see nothing new at the CBC that he personally wanted to do. Like other Canadians who relocate to the United States, the experience has made him reflective about his upbringing. He, Shellagh and their two sons, D'Arcy, 12, and Liam, 3, (McKeown has two older sons, Rob, 22, and Alex, 18, by a previous marriage) regularly travel to Ottawa—and Vancouver, where his mother, Viola, now lives—to keep in touch with their roots. There it, he says, "is peace and tranquillity in Canada quite different from the United States." That's why McKeown the devoted family man loves it—and why, as a restless journalist, he left.

Edited by TAMARA DAVIES

Missing after action

The British Columbia Regiment Association is looking for one good man. Second World War veteran Cpl. Merrill Jasper Allison, an American by birth, has been missing since his discharge from the Canadian Army on Nov. 11, 1945. The association wants to invite Allison to Normandy in May, where the British Columbia's 28th Canadian Armoured Regiment will rededicate a plaque at Hill 146, where they first saw action.

Alison was a U.S. soldier in 1960, but because the United States had not yet joined the war, he did not end up enlisted with the Canadian Forces to see some action. What he did, Alison received the Distinguished Conduct Medal—Canada's second-highest military award—for his part in the 1945 crossing of the Rastatt Canal in Germany. He was a crewmember of a squadron there that accounted for the killing of 30 enemy. Even though he was injured in the fighting, Alison (one point west alone, through heavy fire, to save his troop leader. "He was a damn good soldier," says retired linguistics-colonel Arthur Langley, a member of Alison's regiment, "but he did a hell of a good job." But not for the United States. According to a 1983 article in *The*



Shack, Langley, Sgt. Raymond Glover, Alaska (hand) searching

Ottawa Star. Allison was fined \$111 and sentenced to six months imprisonment for desertion when he returned home.

The I.B.C. association joined the search for Allison in 1996, but has only drawn blanks from veterans' affairs in both Canada and the United States. Says retired lieutenant-colonel Archie Stacey, president of the association, "We want to welcome him back into the family."

CAPITAL CONFIDENTIAL

Previous Manning is known for his deep, richly held opinions on social government, fewer takes on conservative family values. But last month's United Alternative contest, Manning vowed to show there is more to him than his stern public image suggests. Still, it was a surprise to see him pop up on comedian Mike Ballard's *CTV* late-night talk show last week, playing along with the host's off-the-wall humour. And champagne-topping Canadians might have caught Manning's mention of a religious marriage, after an expert controversy on asynchronised swimming for TSN from the Canada Winter Games in Corner Brook, Nfld.

Manning, a type of synchronized swimming

Andrew was president of the Edmonton Aurora club, where all three of his daughters—Andrea, Teryl and Mary Joy—suffered. Andrea and Mary Joy both retired from Canada's national teams and continued coaching after they retired (Andrea remains active as Synchro Canada's legal counsel). Pretina's wife, Sandra, sits on the sport body's executive committee. And three of Manning's success are top-level owners, including Sonja Stallio, 16, who competed for Alberta in Cooper's Brook

There were rules at Manning's postlude appearance, of course. Political cartoonists might start drawing him in nose plugs for use. But Manning supporters were hoping Canadians will relate to his stories about getting up for a new practice. As for the new party he wants to create, he might consider the Synchronized Alternative as a name.

EMFORIUM

Percentage of Canadian adults who drink coffee

Percentage of

Americana 55
Percentage of coffee

conversed at home	74
At work	14
In the car	4

11

Percentages of jays
diets also drink

decaffeinated coffee	10
Percentage of coffee	

percentage of police
drinkers who consume
specialty beverages—

including capsaicin, capsaicin and caffeine

[illegible]

GOLDFARB POLL

When 1,400 Canadians were asked about their level of respect for rock musicians, the majority of those under 35 said it was "high." The older the respondent, the less regard he or she had for rock 'n' rollers. (By percentage of adults)

	Under 25	25-34	35-44	45-54	55-64	65+
Very or moderately high respect	65	69	50	43	32	16
Moderately or	35	41	50	50	68	84

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DOUBLE TAKE

Jack Horner

Former MP Jack Horner bails free a long line of Conservatives. His grandfather was the mayor of Prince Albert, Sask., his father, Ralph, was a senator and his brother Hugh was an MP and later deputy premier of Alberta. And for 21 years, between 1958 and 1979, Horner was one of Ontario's most outspoken politicians—as Tory MP for the Alberta riding of Centre, he even threatened Pierre Trudeau to Adeltide: Then, everything changed. Horner lost the party leadership race to Joe Clark and, a year later, he crossed the floor and was sworn into Trudeau's Liberal cabinet. He was called a "turncoat," and lost his seat in the 1979 election. Now 71, he says he doesn't regret his defection. "It's the way I am," he



Horner now, and in the mid-1970s: tough father

says. "I couldn't have done things much different."

Horner was never afraid to give his opinions about other politicians—or even called Robert Stanfield a "dumb fuck"—or journalists, whom he described as "parasites that feed off someone else." Born in Blaine Lake, Sask., Horner was raised on a farm. He moved to Alberta and purchased a 6,400-hectare ranch near Falldenville when he was 39. Horner still lives on the ranch in Falldenville with his wife of 38 years, Leola. "I feel comfortable here," he says. "It's where I've played all my life." The head-in-the-belt westerner predicts that the Reform party will not become a nationwide political force. Ironically, Horner says the key to its failure is the "Tory party and his former nemesis Joe Clark. "No chance," he says. "And, he is a good organizer." Still spending his mind

LUKE FORTER

The Pro-Line watch

Bob Scultharpe, an Ottawa convenience store owner, is for many that officials with the Ontario Lottery Corporation laid down his online games machine last week. The move means he cannot sell lottery tickets, which were worth \$800,000 in sales to his store last year. Scultharpe claims his complaint about OLC regulations, which appeared in the March 1 issue of *Maclean's*, is the real reason his machine was closed. "It's not likely I'm independent," he says.

Scultharpe insists he is a victim in the OLC's fight against Bono and Terry Lefebvre of Aylmer, Que., who claim to have won up to \$90 million playing Pro-Line since 1992. Last year, the OLC set a \$100 personal daily limit—down from the store's daily limit of \$2,000—and lottery spokesperson Don Poirer says Scultharpe had recently realized the new regulations for a third time. "That article was not a factor in this decision," Poirer adds. Scultharpe, meanwhile, is not giving up—he has hired a lawyer and is threatening legal action.

BEST-SELLERS

FICTION

1. *The Secret*, John Grisham (C)
2. *A Man in Full*, Tom Clancy (C)
3. *Darkness Falls*, Patricia Cornwell (C)
4. *Witness*, John Grisham (C)
5. *It's Dead*, Elmore Leonard (C)
6. *My Sister*, Sandra Brown (C)
7. *The Line of a Good Woman*, Lisa Myers (C)
8. *The New Bridge*, Elmore Leonard (C)
9. *The Winter Bone*, Stephen King (C)

NONFICTION

1. *Deep to Me*, John Grisham (C)
2. *The Secret*, John Grisham (C)
3. *The Secret*, John Grisham (C)
4. *My Sister*, Sandra Brown (C)
5. *It's Dead*, Elmore Leonard (C)
6. *My Sister*, Sandra Brown (C)
7. *The Secret*, John Grisham (C)
8. *My Sister*, Sandra Brown (C)
9. *The Secret*, John Grisham (C)
10. *My Sister*, Sandra Brown (C)

A beaver's tale

Journalist Patrick Watson's book *Ahmer* (Stoddart Kids) is a coming-of-age story for young readers in 1916. Ahmer the beaver is living a peaceful existence in the Canadian wilderness with other animals and one human, painter Tim Thomson. But when poachers destroy his den, Ahmer starts a journey that will change his life.



Passages



CONVICTED: Senator Eric Berman, 57, deputy premier in the former Saskatchewan Conservative government of *Grant Devine*, of delinquent taxpayers of \$41,735, in Regina. Berman is the 14th Tory convicted in the campaign scandal that has seen 21 MLAs or party officials charged with illegally diverting at least \$1 million from the provincial government between 1996 and 1999. The former farmer, who was acquitted on a charge of breach of trust, faces up to 10 years in prison.

DIED: One of Newfoundland's best-known novelists, *Perry Jones*, 76, of pneumonia, in St. John's. A former teacher, his most-read book is his groundbreaking 1970 novel, *Musons of Winter*.

DIED: Margaret Meagher, 66, a career diplomat who became Canada's first woman ambassador, posted to Israel, Austria, Kenya and Sweden, after a short illness, in Halifax.

DIED: Former major-league baseball pitcher and North Carolinian congressman *Wilbur Shugart* died. He was 68, of the longest efforts from a heart attack suffered four months ago, in Kentucky. The "Moose"—whose nickname came from the Alabama town he grew up in—helped the Pittsburgh Pirates win the 1960 World Series.

AWARDED: Toronto musicologist *Colin Egan*, 51, a Grammy Award for his contributions to the production of *The Complete Hank Williams* CD sets, in Los Angeles. While the big Canadian winners were female singers *Celine Dion*, *Shania Twain* and *Alanis Morissette* (page 46).

APPOINTED: Controversial filmmaker *David Cronenberg*, 55, as head of the pay at the Cannes Film Festival this May. The director of such movies as *The Fly* (1986) and *Crash* (1996) is the first Canadian filmmaker to be honoured with the position.

EXPECTING: Cynthia Dale, 38, actor-singer and wife of *Peter Onorowski*, 50, anchor of CBC TV's *The National*. The couple were married last November.



Years ago, the only insurance a woman had was her husband.

These days, what kind of women need to have life insurance?

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- Women who somehow manage
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- Women with husbands
- Women without husbands

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State Farm Understands Life.

In a country that boasts of being the world's best place to live, the homeless are a constant reminder that not all enjoy an equal share of Canada's good fortune. Figures are necessarily imprecise—those living on the streets, after all, have no door at which a census-taker can knock to record their existence. But knowledgeable observers guess that up to 100,000 people lack shelter on any given day in this country. Some are visible: hunched figures draped in blankets, arms reaching for a handout on Toronto's King Street or Vancouver's Granville. But they are only a small minority of the number that social agencies regard as homeless in Canada. That larger group also includes those whose shelter is grossly unsafe, unclear or inadequate for Canada's extreme climate—the so-called relatively homeless. Among them are many—often the very young or very old—trapped in homes beset by violence and neglect. One thing, however, is certain: in nearly every community, homelessness is growing.

So days after protesters demanding help for the homeless scuffled with police on Parliament Hill last month, federal Finance Minister Paul Martin tabled a budget that upped calls to restore national funding for low-cost housing, which the Liberal government slashed in 1994. But despite the staggering statistics and cleared federal purse, reasons for hope persist. In cities



On the streets in Hespeling, teaching useful skills and providing safe, affordable housing

previously owned single-room occupancy hotels. Most are shabby and run down, but they and the downtown route of hotels located off on garages—victims of violence or drug overdoses. "I wouldn't call it a house," says Frank Oliver, executive director of the Downtown Eastside Residents Association, a neighborhood advocacy group. "I wouldn't call it secure, or safe or clean."

Homeless addict Bryan Alleyne couldn't move more. After staying at several other SROs, he now lives in one he considers a cut above the rest. "There are all kinds of mice," the Nova Scotia native says, "but I'd rather have the mice than the roaches." In other respects, Alleyne's small hotel at the foot of Main Street is much like its neighbors. Twenty residents share two bathrooms. Even then, Alleyne says, "You go to take a pee, and there might be someone shoving up—or doing a tripe." Still, prostitution in the washroom is not his biggest complaint. That is directed at the policy—standard at SROs—of not allowing residents to entertain guests after 8 p.m. "I'm 39 years old," he complains. "It's like I'm a kid! I hate it." Alleyne says he understands why for many men and women, a night on the street is preferable to a night in an SRO.

It was to address just such complaints that the residents' association and a clutch of other agencies, backed by the B.C. Housing Corporation, joined forces in 1991 to take over management of the 40-room Portland Hotel from its private owners. After making interior repairs—and scrapping the detested no-visitor policy—the new management dropped the monthly rent to what British Columbia's welfare system provides for shelter, currently \$325. The hotel also began to offer more than just shelter. Public health nurses visit regularly, there is a daily needle exchange for addicts, as well as a methadone program. The Portland Hotel, in spite of its vermin-infested manager, Mark Townsend, is still "not acceptable housing," but it's all there or not.

Acceptable or not, it is a model that seems to work for its tenants—so well, in fact, that three other nearby hotels are undergoing similar makeovers under the auspices of non-profit groups and public social housing agencies. Then there are ambitious as a brand new SRO which Vancouver's Portland Hotel Society is building just down the street at a cost of \$6 million. Designed by famed architect Arthur Erickson, it will house 86 single-occupancy rooms, each with its own bath, as well as a community cafe and a garden, when it is finished later this year.

Other, less tangible (and less costly) initiatives are also bringing new glimmers of light to Vancouver's homeless. Recognizing that many of them are hard-core intravenous drug users, the region's health board last year proposed helping form a group known as VANUCC—an acronym that stands for the Vancouver Area Network of Drug Users. VANUCC's weekly meetings, in a large, cluttered room over a drop-in centre, are noisy and drug-filled. But it's a first step. A first step that helps boost self-esteem—sometimes as high as 100 people. But the group's larger purpose is to give Vancouver's most marginalized residents a voice in any municipal plan affecting them. Last late last year a delegation from VANUCC appeared before a city council committee to air concerns over a variety of issues, including housing. Melina Fries, 43, a heroin user who has lived in the streets and SROs of the

SMALL SOLUTIONS

across the country, many groups are struggling with limited resources to respond in creative ways to the expanding epidemic of homelessness—and prevent yet more Canadians from falling into the streets. Over the past two weeks, Maclean's Vancouver Bureau Chief Chris Wood has travelled from his base through Calgary, Winnipeg and Toronto to explore some of the most notable and promising of those responses. His report:

BY CHRIS WOOD

The Portland Hotel, on Vancouver's Cordell Street, is no one's idea of the Ritz. It is a grimy four-story wing of a building that rises from a seedy corner bar in the Downtown Eastside, the city's poorest area. The door is plain green steel, with the establishment's name printed in stark black letters. Most of the time it is locked; visitors must identify themselves to gain entry. Inside, another killer door—a fire-rated grille—leads to a narrow lobby where a dozen poorly dressed men and women sit or sleep on hard-molded chairs. Several display areas bear the subtle scars of long-term drug addiction. In some cases, dull eyes speak of the heavy medication used to hold madness at bay. But to 27-year-old

Sophiane Elias, the Portland Hotel is something close to paradise. Compared with other former mental patients who have been turned out of institutions and ended up on the street, she knows she is fortunate. "Here," she says, "I can make my own choices. I can invite someone over for a glass of wine or a beer, just like normal people." For Sophiane, that is a small but precious treasure. For most others in the dilapidated and drug-riddled Downtown Eastside, it is only a dream. Take every Canadian city. Vancouver has its share of men and women who sleep in alleys and parks or take refuge in emergency shelters, as many as 600 on some nights, according to city officials. But more than 10 times that number find shelter of a sort in the run-down accommodations provided by so-called SROs—

Depotstars. Outside for a decade, it's an enthusiastic member of the group. "It has revitalized men's lives," she says. "We're finding out not everyone is against us. Other people are finding out we're not monsters."

Set against seemingly small steps with oversized returns was taken last February. That was when the residents' association launched a low-cost voicemail server for people without telephones. For \$3 a month it gives people without their own telephone account, or even as much as an address, an affordable contact point for potential employers or landlords, as well as a way to keep in touch with friends and social service agencies. "It is my only way to be in touch with anybody," says former project director Bill Price. After a traffic accident in May 1995, left him unable to work, Price gradually became destitute. Now bunking with a friend while he pursues a legal claim that he hopes will restore him to sobriety, Price calls the low-cost voice mail "terrific."



Overlooked with poverty of Vancouver's Portland Hotel, offering the homeless more than just shelter

Not every instance of homelessness has its roots in tragedy. Calgary's problem, in fact, has a cause that other cities might envy. Nearly three-quarters of its estimated 3,800 homeless are newcomers, drawn by a booming Alberta economy. Hundreds of men, women and families flock to two each month in search of work. Many find it. But they quickly discover that with a vacancy rate for rental housing of under one per cent, securing a home is another matter.

Among the small crowd of men and women that gathers nightly at the downtown shelter, the homeless are 7th Avenue, not all have found work. But everyone is seeking shelter. Squandered between a panopticon and a discount store, the single-story facade still bears the carved name of the building's original tenant, the Canadian Bible Society. Since last October, however, the structure has housed a sheltering agency called In from the Cold, through which a total of 40 Calgary churches open their basements and parking rooms like a rotating library. In the basement, 60 cots give the crowd its allowed refuge, and volunteers assign the 30 beds available each night, giving priority to families with children, couples and women. Another dozen people mostly single men are turned away. These lucky enough to qualify get a ride to a church where men in suits of the congregation serve a stiff meal as well as provide a cot to sleep on. Breakfast and a bag lunch follow the next morning. "It's awesome," enthused Sumner Simmons, 37, who arrived in Calgary two weeks ago with his boyfriend from Vancouver, where the two had been living on the street and cashing dinner checks. "Last night, we had chicken and mashed potatoes and little potatoes that a guy donated. They're sweet people."

Simmons's 24-year-old boyfriend, Wayne Grant, may be homeless, but he is no longer unemployed. Within 72 hours of arriving in Calgary, he found work as a telemarketer. But he and Simmons now face a far more difficult problem in finding someone permanent to settle in. In a problem shared with an astonishing 45 per cent of Calgary's homeless who have work, but can't find a place to live, shelter boards have driven them to Calgary to drastically over the last two years, with bachelor apartments that formerly went for \$500 a month now commanding more than \$800. Add a security deposit and additional deposits to secure telephone and utilities, and the cost of moving into even a small Calgary apartment reaches \$2,000. "Everybody can

find jobs," says Stuart Brown, operations co-ordinator of the year-old Calgary Homeless Foundation. "But you can't find a place to live."

A former military base just off Crowchild Trail, southwest of downtown, recycled barracks have provided reliable but temporary shelter. The brick-and-bronze remains of the base's former occupation, Patricia Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, still greets visitors at the gate. But the regiment moved to Edmonton earlier in the decade since then is the different budget, and the federal government is slow to unshackle the rules, white-painted, red-roofed barracks. One now houses the Alberta Film Office, others a mosque and school. Building B-4 is home to 68 men, women and couples who have jobs, but can't afford controversial rents.

"I love it here," says a woman named Kelly. "They're going to have to take me kicking and screaming." Since moving out of no to an expensive partner last year, Kelly spent time in a women's shelter before finding work as a cleaner for the Calgary Special Olympics. "But to come up with first and last—couldn't do it," she says. She moved into the Lodge, an Calgary's social housing arm, Colborne Properties Ltd., calls the project, shortly after it opened last November (it received funding from all three levels of government). There she gets a large, well-lit room that once housed four soldiers, as well as the use of shared bathroom, kitchen and laundry facilities, for \$890 a month. (men's shelter) and women's shelter and women's shelter are scattered. But day of lockout and screaming may come again. That she expects Colborne has to hand the building back to the federal government in May, 2000.

Long before then, Calgary's Kerby Centre expects out the flood on what will become Canada's only refuge for a particularly vulnerable group: elderly men and women who suffer abuse in their homes but have nowhere to go. The centre, which provides a variety of programs to 38,000 Calgary seniors, anticipates construction at its new, four-story shelter after making a sharp increase in reports of the elderly being physically abused—often by their own families. "There was one 30-year-old lady," says centre spokeswoman Betty McCreagh. "Every six months, we'd get a call from the hospital. Her grandson had beaten her up because she wouldn't give him the money he wanted. But there was nowhere for her to go. You just lose

let them go home to be abused again." Local corporations, service clubs and the Alberta government contributed to the \$1.2 million cost of creating a better alternative. When it opens at the end of April, the shelter will provide a safe refuge for as many as 32 endangered men and women at one time.

They protest away, neither the cheerless intersection of Portage and Main nor a bustling urban recovery offer much solace for the homeless to seek opportunity in Winnipeg. That may be one reason why the Manitoba capital's homeless are mainly lone—many of them the most destitute and tragic of the city's largely Aboriginal underclass.

Each Friday—the busiest night on the streets—a blue van sets out from the Salvation Army's Westman Centre to search the back alleys on either side of Main Street for the least fortunate. Sporting red berets for identification and carrying flashlights to probe the dark

desert group the young "Children are not officially homeless," notes the centre's co-director, Sister Lesley Seaton. "Otherwise, they'd be taken into custody." But for many, home may be anything but safe. Roadwork is not a conventional shelter in this no-holds-and-offers-no-free-meals. But children and youth as old as 18, domestic violence or trauma at home, find more than a sympathetic ear and a place to stay out of the cold. The centre, which receives funding from the city, province and United Way, offers entertainment—a basketball hall-court, television and pool—and a variety of activities and development programs for kids who become more involved. On weekends and school holidays, the centre stays open all night, although children under 12 are given a lift home at 10:30. "If their own home is not a safe place," says Seaton, "we will drive them to an aunt's or a sister's place—somewhere they feel comfortable."

First established in 1976, in the basement of a house Seaton occupied with several other Catholic Sisters of the Holy Names, Roadwork has by now seen several generations of children pass through its doors. But the spread of winter weather, what is going on behind the brick facade of a former movie house in the rundown North End attracts a model for a more permanent solution. Part of the former Palace Theatre's generous owner has been roughly bonded up to make a classroom where a dozen welfare recipients in a home receive instruction in home renovation. Under the auspices of the Winnipeg Community Education and Development Association's Just Housing project, and with funding from the Sma and Smaize Foundation Family Foundation, they will complete two months of classroom training, then spend the next three months putting their skills to use rebuilding one of Winnipeg's many abandoned houses. The goal is twofold: skills for the homeless—and another shot, affordable home for a low-income family like Beverly and Jim. They asked that their last home not be used and their five children, age 6 to 18.

At their previous rented home, closer to downtown, their landlord refused to fix even major structural defects—and each morning revealed a fresh scattering of used syringes in the yard. The kids, says Beverly, "had friends who were street to come down there." But

Across Canada, fresh initiatives give new hope to the homeless



Homeless (left) and Grant to Calgary, no attending 45 per cent of the city's homeless have work

ness under leading boys and behind Dauphin, the Salvation Army patrol others they indicated a ride to a shelter, and calls reduced assistance when they find someone who has passed out. In Winnipeg's better-ventured Vancouverians can be told. "They'll come in here to get water," says Glen Norton, leading the way through a broken, 12 in hole into a concrete grove beneath elevated railway tracks. "Then they'll go to bed and freeze to death." In the gloom, empty line of liquor dispenser and paint give ample evidence that the place has been used for nothing whatsoever—the drug of choice among many of Winnipeg's homeless—but on this frigid night the grim aspect is noticeably antithetical.

At a dozen blocks away, Bankside House (officially a converted church) offers a far more welcoming refuge from the street for a dif-

ferent group of homeless. Sister Lesley Seaton, who has passed out in Winnipeg's inner-city streets, what is going on behind the brick facade of a former movie house in the rundown North End attracts a model for a more permanent solution. Part of the former Palace Theatre's generous owner has been roughly bonded up to make a classroom where a dozen welfare recipients in a home receive instruction in home renovation. Under the auspices of the Winnipeg Community Education and Development Association's Just Housing project, and with funding from the Sma and Smaize Foundation Family Foundation, they will complete two months of classroom training, then spend the next three months putting their skills to use rebuilding one of Winnipeg's many abandoned houses. The goal is twofold: skills for the homeless—and another shot, affordable home for a low-income family like Beverly and Jim. They asked that their last home not be used and their five children, age 6 to 18.

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This failure is often struck through a grossly politicized process between judges and politicians. "In virtually all cluster decisions, the courts have left open the opportunity for Parliament to come back and remedy the problem," argues law professor Patrick Monahan. He points, as an example, to a 2007 Supreme Court decision that was widely criticized for seeming to hamper police investigations by requiring warrants before police could enter a private home to make an arrest. In fact, it took only a few months for the Ottawa-based *Reid* Criminal Code amendment to give police a quick new procedure for obtaining search warrants. bit.ly/1333333

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OILPATCH CHARGES

Charges of reckless endangering life were laid against Wilko Ludwig, Richard Boonstra and members of Ludwig's family Ludwig and Boonstra, already facing charges relating to vandalism in the northwestern Alberta oil-patch, are currently out on bail. The new charges stem from a December, 1997, fire at a gas well near the Ludwig farm and on August, 1998, bombing of another well 200 km away Ludwig has long been an opponent of gas production in the area, claiming that it is a health hazard.

CBC WOOES

The strike by 3,200 technical workers at the CBC continued to wreak havoc with the corporation's broadcast schedule. Further troubles may lie ahead: this week the Canadian Media Guild, which represents another 3,200 CBC employees, will hold a strike vote. CBC ratings continued to suffer—according to Nielsen Media Research Inc., by week's end only 480,000 people were tuning into the flagship news program The National, compared with 996,000 just before the strike.

UNDER INVESTIGATION

The Canadian Forces faced a fresh scandal when Capt. Devin Marshall, commander of CFB Esquimalt in British Columbia, was temporarily relieved of his duties. Forces bosses would say only that Marshall, 44, is under investigation for "conduct inconsistent with his position of high authority and trust." But copies of sexually explicit e-mails allegedly exchanged by Marshall and a United Way volunteer have circulated on the base. Marshall is scheduled to take over the chairmanship of the Victoria United Way campaign this year.

ABORIGINAL VICTORY

The Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission approved the establishment of an aboriginal television network that will be carried on basic cable throughout Canada. "Some days, the little guy gets come out on top," said Abraham Tsigabek, chairman of the Aboriginal Peoples Television Network, which will begin broadcasting this fall. Cable companies had been opposed to the bid, saying that lineup changes resulting from the new network would cost them money.

NUMBERS GAME:

Quebec has been shortchanged in federal funding—that was the message from the provincial government in the wake of the Feb. 16 federal budget. In one bold, full-page newspaper ad concerning health-care funds, the Parti Quebecois made the controversial claim that "this year the federal government is giving six times more money to Ontario than it is to Quebec"—\$959 million, or \$21 per person, according to Quebec City, compared with Quebec's paltry \$158 million, or \$20 per person. These numbers were, to say the least, misleading. By the year 2001-2002, Ottawa will have eliminated the glaring disparities in Canada.



Healthand Social Transfer payments by putting the system on an equal per capita basis (\$940 per each Canadian up to \$955 by 2001-2002). That means Quebec, whose current per capita CHST payment is \$859—the highest in the country—gets an extra \$21 per person to bring it to the new level. Ontario, whose current per capita payments are far less, gets more of the catch-up funds to bring its federal payments to \$940 per person. But the full CHST per capita payment to Quebec, as the following chart shows, remains higher for the next two fiscal years. And taking into account top-up health payments—which Ontario, in a future provision, does not get—Quebec will continue to get far more federal funds per capita.

		1996-98	1999-2000	2000-01	2001-02	2002-03	2003-04
QUEBEC	CHST	\$939	\$954	\$955	\$960	\$971	\$985
	Equalization	630	606	633	663	690	715
	Total	1,569	1,495	1,511	1,547	1,564	1,618
ONTARIO	CHST	830	918	926	960	971	985
	Equalization	630	606	633	663	690	715

A tragedy at the border

A illicit train ride ended in death for a Mexican woman after she fell under the wheels of a freight train in Niagara Falls, N.Y. Maria Crespo, 25, and five other people, including her brother, had been on board the freight train, trying to illegally enter the United States from Canada when U.S. border officials spotted them. An authorities approached the slow-moving train on the American side, the migrants jumped; two managed to escape while the other three were taken into custody. But Crespo, a Jehovah's Witness who had stayed briefly in Montreal, lost a leg when the train ran over her and died in a Buffalo hospital after receiving a blood transfusion.

The tragedy highlighted the escalating problem of illegal immigrants trying to cross into the United States from Canada. "This is the event we feared happening," said Winston Barrow, deputy director of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service in Buffalo. "With increased enforcement at the ports of entry, illegal aliens are doing more desperate things." The problem has been especially acute in the Niagara Falls area: in January, four Chinese women were detained after U.S. officials discovered them hiding under a truck that was crossing the border. Over the past year, at least two other people have died trying to illegally enter the United States from Canada.

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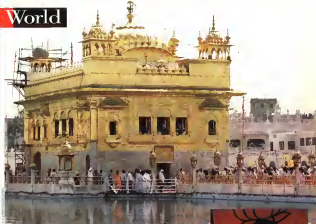
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World



The Sikh struggle

A fight in India reverberates in Canada

BY TOM FENNELL

A colourful life mosaic of Gurm Nanak, the founder of the Sikh religion, sits above the large white doors of Vancouver's Ross Street Temple. Gurm Nanak believed in a classless society without distinctions based on birthright or sex. To help weld social harmony, he created the *langar*, a kitchen in the temples where beggars and kings would mix shoulders as they shared a meal. Last week, the leaders of the temple inside the Ross Street Temple, and perched on the wooden frame of a large photo of the Golden Temple—Sikhism's holiest shrine—la the *langar*, three elderly women dressed in bright sun-stained saris of saffron padding with sticks the size of broom handles, at a sturdy table, serve elderly men franks against tea and chutney quietly.

The good-natured banker and the smell of

wholesome spicy food at the Ross Street Temple marked a growing and dangerous rift in a religion that has 20 million adherents around the world. On Feb. 10, at the Golden Temple in Amritsar in India's Punjab state, Bangji Singh was arrested as the powerful head priest, or *gurdwara*, of the *Mool Takh*, Sikhism's highest spiritual authority. Bangji, a fundamentalist who wants to create an independent Sikh state in Punjab, spent 23 years in prison for murdering a rival. His orthodox views had triggered violent clashes in a number of gurdwaras in Vancouver after he issued an edict in 1995 ordering the removal of all tables and chairs from the *langar*. He insisted that Sikhs had to sit on mats on the floor when eating, and he excommunicated temple leaders who opposed his ruling.

Many moderate followers in Vancouver, who will celebrate the 300th anniversary of mainstream Sikhism on April 2, are fearful of Bangji's forces. They say his supporters



The Golden Temple (top): Bangji Singh, the leader of a group of extremists, speaking at a press conference.

among the 200,000 Sikhs living in British Columbia are behind death threats broadcast almost daily on two illegal Sikh radio stations and a U.S.-based website, against its opponents in Vancouver. The poisonous atmosphere he created, they claim, encouraged the murder last November of Tara Singh Hayer, published

er of the Surrey-based Indo-Canadian Times, who just printed articles denouncing Rajput. "The newspaper from their office," said David Hayer, the newspaper's publisher's son, "people can see how far what he is—a convicted killer who promotes hatred and violence."

Last week, Rajput called a court in Vancouver to nominate him as the head of the religion. If he succeeds, the Sikh community will likely face even more violence and steps up demands for a separate Sikh state. To finance his claims, says Stella Sandhu, a professor of Indian politics at the University of Toronto,

Recent moves to control the Sikh temples, which often raise as much \$100,000 a month through tithes and donations. "This isn't about tithes and chairs," says Sandhu, whose students have taken her into the Golden Temple. "A lot of money comes from Vancouver for the Punjab separatists."

It was the threat of increased religious violence that led to the start of the midyear protest. Punjab chief minister Prem Singh Badal, a Sikh, who heads Punjab's ruling Akali Dal party, opposes the militants' goal of an independent Sikh nation of Khalistan. He maintains that they had begun terrorism under Rajput at the Golden Temple—the scene of bloody fighting when Sikh militants clashed with the Indian army in 1984.

Under Operation Blue Star that year, Indian prime minister Indira Gandhi sent a force of more than 300,000 troops into Punjab to suppress Sikh nationhood. The 1984 massacre had occurred at the Golden Temple, which heavily armed militants

says Sanyal Pal Singh, a veteran Punjab politician leader. "There is a danger of revival of militancy in the state."

Rajput had taken his seat at the head of the Akali Dal in 1990 while he was still in jail in 1980, claiming he was "carrying out the will of God." He abstained from the moderate leader of a real faction in Punjab and in 1984 was sentenced to life in prison. In the complex world of Sikh politics, religion is always in the foreground, and in 1987 he was released after religious and political leaders in Punjab, including even the son of the man-



Vancouver vigilante overtake scene in 1987; persons' atmosphere

dered man, lobbied for his release. This move, according to Badal's aide, Gurcharan Singh Tohra, the powerful head of a coalition of religious organizations that oversees the Golden Temple. In Sikh tradition, wherever there is a dispute between two political leadership and two religious leadership, put into power. In an effort to win votes among Sikh conservatives, Badal agreed to go along with Tohra's demands to have Rajput pardoned.

But Tohra and Rajput also had more sweeping plans that would end the April 3, when Sikhs around the world will celebrate the 300th anniversary, the pair had intended to be at the head of massive celebrations in Punjab, a position that would give them a platform to advance their separatist agenda. Badal's latest move means he could now be dominant during the celebrations.

The chief minister, who is closely allied with India's ruling coalition, is committed to

keeping Punjab in India and pursuing economic development. To understand Tohra and Rajput, he turned to his supporters on the powerful committee that appoints the head of Akali Dal and had Rajput suspended for "gross religious misconduct and wrong doings" by promoting separatism. The committee then appointed Sanyal Singh as high priest. He appeared in good health as he stood on the flower-decked platform at the doors of the Golden Temple. But within days, and rumors that he would be assassinated, he was hospitalized and emerged from a severe heart attack that friends believed had been caused by stress.

Refusing to recognize the committee verdict, Rajput challenged it in court. He accused Badal and his party of designing the Sikh faith. "Nobody dare make a figure of the Akali Dal," he said. "Not Indira Gandhi, not even the Mughal emperor." But Badal and he would continue his fight to keep Rajput from regaining Sikhism's highest office. "I will not allow the power of Punjab to be spoiled," he said. "Sikhs will pay."

Moderate Sikhs are hoping peace returns to their community in Vancouver as well—but last week it remained divided. Rajput's supporters are deeply angry over their failure to win temple elections across the Lower Mainland. To prove their devotion, his message freely, they have been forced to set up religious facilities in a Surrey warehouse and in a school gymnasium five blocks from the Moss Street Temple. On Feb. 18 militant Sikhs pulled outside the offices of The Vancouver Sun to protest what they said was biased coverage—but more had publicity in

ally. "The situation is going to be tense between moderates and fundamentalists," said Dhill Singh Sandhu, a member of the fundamentalist World Sikh Organization. "There seems to be no end to the fight."

But Rajput Singh Tohra, general manager of the Ross Street Temple, vows that the fundamentalists will never regain control of the temple. David Hayer, the son of the murdered publisher, is also hopeful that Rajput's suspension will stop the violence. "He used religion to gain his violent acts," Hayer says. "Sikhs, a peaceful and tolerant people, will not be so used to fight."

At the same time, Tohra is willing to forgive the fundamentalists, although he stopped away from giving his name. "I am religious," he said, "the troublemaker is still my brother. This belief will be surely tested if Rajput restores Sikhism's highest office."

By JEFF ABRAMSON in Vancouver and SANDEEVA THAKUR in New Delhi

High tension in Kosovo

For Canadian Berg-Gon Michel Manoskovic, it was a difficult moment, one of the worst since he arrived in Kosovo three months ago. It happened last Friday, in the snow-covered hills above Pristina, the southern town where he general in charge of a team of 400 unarmed international monitors. For days, Manoskovic had been trying to delay a building confrontation between Serbian and Montenegro authorities (not to force their way along a strategic road, and local units of the Kosovo Liberation Army who controlled the route). After a long negotiation, Manoskovic managed to win for the Serbs a verbal promise to keep as he accompanied them. Instead of responding with a massive two-week patrol, however, the Serbs, at what the general described as a "bitter large provocation," sent a dozen armored cars and six tanks. "Fortunately, the KLA held their fire," Manoskovic wryly observed. "That was very hard on the old soldier. Many more incidents like that and I might not be around much longer."

All over Kosovo last week, there were reports of similar rising tension. As both Serbian and Albanian delegates returned camped-out from stalled peace negotiations at Rambouillet in France, the prospect of renewed violence mounted in Yugoslavia's southernmost province. Boyed by the decision to call a hiatus in the talks until March 15, the Serbian authorities in Belgrade proclaimed the move as yet another victory for Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic. In the meantime, Serbian military and police were busy shuffling for a new offensive. Both NATO and U.S. military intelligence reported that 4,000 Yugoslav troops and more than 60 tanks were moving along southern Serbia to Kosovo's northern borders. Inside the province, Serbian army and paramilitary police units, and other forces that were believed to be sent last October by Belgrade, were also on the move, redeploying along the Macedonian and Albanian borders. "I think the next two-week period is going to be the most difficult and worse for the KVM [Kosovo Verification Mission]," warned Manoskovic from his headquarters at Pristina in southern Kosovo. "Everyone will be high. Provocations will be the norm. We are going to have to work very hard to keep the lid on."

Complicating what is already a complex situation is the fact that the inconclusive peace talks at Rambouillet failed to follow the G8 Power accord, largely written by U.S. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright. They overlooked not because of Milosevic's in-



ALA fighters in position: forces move to keep the lid on

As peace talks falter, Serbs and Albanians face off on the ground

transience but because the Albanians refused to play their preordained role. True, Milosevic's delegation expected plans to send a 28,000-strong NATO force to Kosovo. But, much to Milosevic's dismay, the 16 members of the Albanian delegation declined to sign the proposed agreement, removing a key pressure point on the Serbs. The pact would have given the separatist-entitled powers, 90 per cent of whom are ethnic Albanians, autonomy within Yugoslavia's inalienable, but as first promise of a referendum on independence in three years, as they wanted. The Albanian delegates pleaded for more time, accepting the pact "in principle," but putting off a final decision until the talks resume on March 15.

In the moment, there is a guarantee of an Albanian agreement. Veton Surroi, a newspaper publisher in the Kosovo capital, Pristina, and a key moderate in the Albanian delegation, told Manoskovic he was confident the Albanians would eventually sign. "This is the time for peace," he said, "and that's the belief of the people of Kosovo."

Not all Kosovo Albanians agree, however. As for particular, veteran independence con-

spirator Adem Demaci, a senior KLA political leader, Demaci, 45, spent 26 years in Serbian jails as a result of his unsuccessful activities. He did not attend the Rambouillet negotiations, but intervened from his exile to be present for the KLA members in France from signing the accord. He persuaded Baskin Tito, the 39-year-old leader of the delegation and head of the KLA's political directorate, to leave the talks on Feb. 10 for a meeting in Geneva. When that, who could play a key role in Kosovo's future, returned to France, he convinced the delegation to postpone agreement.

Clearly, there are deep divisions within the Albanian community in Kosovo as well as within the KLA itself. When the Albanians were negotiating in France, Demaci stated what was expected to be a deal, becoming the rebel's chief political representative and engineering the appointment as overall KLA military commander of his longtime protégé, Sulejman Selimi, known among his troops as "Stakan."

Publisher Surroi denounced Demaci's appointment last week. "Our motto or group cannot hold hostage all of Kosovo," he maintained. "Maybe so, but if the province's ethnic Albanians cannot overcome their divisions, our efforts like Canada's Manoskovic are going to have even more difficulty keeping the lid on Kosovo's simmering crisis."

BARRY CAFFE in London and GUY DUNAWAY in Kosovo



ANDREW PHILLIPS Washington

Rape and a President

Nick And der Maar, the late Montreal movie-town and political gadfly, had a tessie line about the enduring popularity of the city's perennial mayor, Jean Drapeau. Montrealeux, he used to say with a wounding shake of the head, would keep on re-electing Drapeau "even if he was caught at high noon with a green suit in Denman Square." Drapeau, it turns out, had no flag on Bill Clinton. The rape may have been a marriageable anecdote, but his public life was devoid of personal scandal. The President's private feelings are all too familiar, and if the evidence of last week stands, there is just about nothing that will dent the American public's support for him. Something quite extraordinary happened, and the collective reaction was to shrug and look away. What happened was that a perfectly credible, well-spoken woman with no evident political or financial motive went on national television and accused the President of the United States of raping her in the spring of 1978, when he was the young on-the-make attorney general of Arkansas, campaigning to be governor. She didn't actually use the word "rape," so harsh and ugly, but that's what it is, if you believe her, so keep up in your room in Little Rock. It won't be an "inappropriate relationship" or "unwelcome sexual advance," or any of the other euphemisms that we round the Clinton presidency. It was rape.

The news media, after ignoring around the story for weeks, in some cases for years, finally reported the sordid details. The woman, known to investigators during the Lewinsky scandal as Jane Doe No. 5, is a 56-year-old nursing home owner in the town of Van Buren, Ark., named Juana Broadbuck. Her story—recorded in, among others, NBC's *News*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*—is a strange affair. She says she met Clinton in April, 1978, when he came to campaign at one of her nursing homes. He invited her to see him at his headquarters in Little Rock. When she contacted him on April 28, he talked his way into her hotel room, then started having her.

Here's Broadbuck's account, in an emotional interview with NBC: "I first pushed him away and said trust him no... The second time he tried to have me he started bugging me like this... Then he became too down on the bed. I just was very frightened, and I started getting away from him and I said no... He just wouldn't listen to me... He was such a different person at that moment, he was just a vicious, evil person." On his way out the door she told Clinton get on his knuckles, barked and indicated her swollen lips, said "You better get some ice for that."

Why believe her? Why even report it? In the past independent chroniclers of scandal media had let a move on, "why care?" The most serious American media has found it an excruciating story to deal

with. The problems with it are obvious—starting with the fact that Broadbuck never reported it to the police and waited 21 years before speaking out. Her husband and three of her friends say she told them about the incident at the time and they saw her bruised lips, but there is no hard evidence that Clinton was even at the hotel when she was there. His lawyers say flatly that the allegation is "absolutely false." And indeed, early last year after lawyers acting for Paula Jones sought her out in connection with their sexual harassment lawsuit against the President, Broadbuck signed an affidavit denying the "rumors and stories" about her and Clinton.

And yet... the story rages true. Why should anyone be surprised that a woman would keep quiet about such an incident—especially two decades ago, before rape should have prevented defense lawyers from raping apart her character in court, and especially when the man she was accusing was the state's chief law enforcement officer?

Signaling the difference is no surprise, either: she did not want to be forced into the open by Jones's lawyers. Other women, notably Monica Lewinsky, have denied having sex with Clinton, then acknowledged the truth.

It was only when investigators working for independent counsel Kenneth Starr knocked on her door that Broadbuck agreed to tell her story, knowing that the legal consequences of lying to a grand jury are enormous. Her allegation was part of the huge "discovery dump" that Starr sent to Congress last year. Republicans decided not to pursue it during the Lewinsky impeachment trial, but they did urge watering commitment to endow it in a secret down back the trouble, not of their voted to approach.

Broadbuck's charge is enormous and, at this point, unproven. The strange thing last week was that as the usual mountains of pundits discussed the story, almost everyone, except for a handful of hard-line Clinton partisans, assumed it was true. Politicians, among his most ardent detractors during the Lewinsky saga, did not march to his rescue. Patricia Ireland, head of the National Organization for Women, called Broadbuck's story "particularly compelling" and urged people to "take her charges seriously." Richard Cohen, a liberal columnist for *The Washington Post* and a Clinton sympathizer, wrote in amazement that the ability of Bill and Hillary Clinton to face these such charges is "staggering"—"The Clintons play by no rules. They have vanquished outrage." *Newsweek's* sole comment on the rape charge was an astonishing throwaway line: "Sounds like our guy."

Sounds like our guy? That's it? Bill Clinton, it seems, has managed to change America's political culture more than anyone had ever imagined.



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World NOTES

DEATH FOR RACIAL KILLING

Sentenced to die for the grisly killing of a black man in Jasper, Tex., John King defiantly muttered an obscenity when asked if he had anything to say to the dead man's family. King, 24, was convicted of dragging James Byrd Jr. behind a pickup truck in what prosecutors said was a bid to gain credibility for his newly formed hate group. Two other men also face trial in the case, considered one of the worst U.S. racial crimes since the civil rights era.

CHINA SATELLITE STOPPED

U.S. relations with China became more strained after Washington rejected the sale of a communications satellite to a business group with close ties to the Chinese leadership. The Hughes Space and Communications satellite was designed for an Asia-wide mobile phone system, but U.S. defense officials said its planned launch by China could help the country's international ballistic missile program, and would have other military benefits. The rejection came as Secretary of State Madeleine Albright prepared to visit China this week amid disputes over human rights and trade.

OCALAN TREASON CHARGE

Tensions rose between Turkey and Greece in the aftermath of Turkey's arrest of Kurdish rebel leader Abdullah Öcalan, Ankara formerly charged Öcalan with treason, punishable by death. Prosecutors also said that in a 34-page confession, the separatist chief disclosed that Greek churches had helped fund his guerrilla, despite Greek denials of support. Turkish President Süleyman Demirel held a press conference after Öcalan's arrest, and Greek forces went on high alert.

AMERICA CUT OFF

Cuba cut off most telephone communications with the United States in a dispute with five major U.S. phone companies. AT&T and MCI WorldCom have been withholding payments to Cuba since December, pending the outcome of a lawsuit involving relatives of four Cuban-Americans whose small aircraft were shot down by Cuban jets in 1996. In a bid for compensation, the families are trying to persuade the payments U.S. phone companies make to their Cuban counterpart. Some calls still went through via third countries or Sprint, which has paid its bills.



WHITE DEATH:

A chaise in Leukerbad, Switzerland, shows the destructive power of an avalanche as killer snowslides rumbled throughout the European Alps. Worst hit was Austria, where a massive snowslide in the village of Galtür killed 31 people and a second in tiny Valzert killed seven. Somewhere had to be rescued by helicopter. Five people also died in smaller slides in Italy. So far this winter more than 70 people have been killed in avalanches. The Alps have received their heaviest snowfall in 50 years, and as temperatures continue to warm, experts believe more deadly slides will occur in coming weeks.

Charles Ng, convicted killer

Charles Ng's life began in the privileged circles of Hong Kong. Now, it may end in his execution over a gruesome string of sex slayings in California. Ng, 34, was convicted on 11 of 12 counts of first-degree murder in a killing and kidnapping spree in 1986 and 1987 that claimed the lives of seven men, three women and two children. After debating the case over the course of two weeks, the jury in Santa Ana, Calif., deliberated over whether the former marine was responsible for the death of one of the men. The murders began after Ng became involved with apartment co-manager, Leonard Lake, who committed suicide in 1985. Their victims were lured to Lake's cabin in

Wakayville, about 240 km east of San Francisco, where they were sexually murdered. The pair even videotaped themselves torturing two women before they were raped and killed.

The penalty phase of Ng's hearing will begin on March 1, when the seven jurors will decide whether he should receive the death penalty. Prosecuting him has already cost U.S. taxpayers more than \$20 million. His legal odyssey began when he fled to Calgary in 1988 and was arrested. He fought extradition for six years, arguing that it was unconstitutional to return him to a jurisdiction with the death penalty, but the Supreme Court disagreed in 1993. It took until last week for justice to catch up with him.

Going after Clinton in a tainted-blood suit

Canadians infected by prisoners' tainted blood imported from Arkansas in the 1980s may try to sue Clinton, U.S. President Bill Clinton, as part of a \$7-billion lawsuit they launched last week. Lawyer David Harvey, acting for up to 1,000 Canadians who contracted the AIDS virus or hepatitis C from the imported blood, said in Washington he would seek a deposition from Clinton and would consider naming him as a defendant. Clinton was governor of Arkansas when a local company, run by a friend and political supporter of his, continued exporting blood donated by prisoners even after the U.S. Food and Drug Administration banned its use domestically in 1982. Justice Harmer Kevren's report on Canada's blood scandal noted that Canadian inquiries knew the source only as AHC Plasma Center; the letters, it turned out, stood for Arkansas department of corrections.

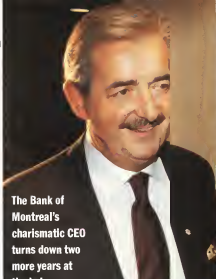
BARRETT TAKES HIS EXIT

BY KIMBERLEY NOBLE and JOHN NICOL

Dec. 14, 1998, is a day no Canadian banker will ever forget. It will go down in industry annals as the lousy Monday in which Finance Minister Paul Martin, equipped with the federal competition watchdog's report on the country's two big bank mergers, stopped both proposals dead in their tracks. On top of that, it will be even more memorable for the six directors on the Bank of Montreal board: human resources committee. They will always recall this as the day they had to digest the disappointing merger news and then, only hours later, decide what to do about chairman and CEO Matthew Barrett.

It was not that the committee wanted Barrett to go. Quite the contrary. Most of the Bank of Montreal's directors—like so many of the company's employees—sawed to be in awe of their charismatic chairman. In 1989, Barrett took over an organization that made good money but was known for treating workers as if they were barely human. Under his leadership the company became more profitable than ever before and also became a much-liked employer. But with the failure of the proposed merger with the Royal Bank of Canada, the directors on the human resources committee knew that the bank was about to enter a new era. The question was: did the board still want Barrett at the helm—and if not, would he want to stay?

The human resources committee spent the early part of Dec. 14 canvassing the rest of the board to find out what everyone thought. They were pleased and relieved that everyone was on the same wavelength. "We decided to tell Matt you can carry on with our full confidence," says Peter Bentley, a Vancouver-based forest products executive who heads up the committee. "We are happy to have you had us." However, committee members—including Air Canada Chairman John Fraser, BCE Inc. president and CEO Jean-Marc Lesclapart, Toronto lawyer Blair MacAulay, Ralph Barford of manufacturer GSW Inc., and Montreal business executive Lorne Webster—will tell that whenever stopped up to the podium at the Feb. 23 annual meeting in Halifax to unveil the bank's post-merger plans needed to be willing



The Bank of Montreal's charismatic CEO turns down two more years at the helm

to stick around to implement them. "Everybody agreed," says Bentley. "That it was the right thing to ask for a two-year minimum commitment."

The process that began with the human resources committee in December and ended with last week's announcement that Barrett would hand over the reins as CEO to Bank of Montreal president Anthony Camper was carefully managed as not to ever be seen on Bay Street. Barrett had said from the start that he planned to leave the bank within a year or two after the merger. After it collapsed, however, there was speculation that he had changed his mind and wanted to stay long enough to implement the full-scale strategy and get on with it.

In January, reports began to trickle out that a few bank directors were concerned. On Bay Street, questions were being asked about whether Barrett—who had warned of dire consequences should the merger fail—could effectively pilot a new course. But the directors wanted to make sure that if Barrett did decide to leave, nobody could ever say it was not his own decision. Nobody who claims to represent the bank's best interests, declared MacAulay, the lawyer whose power on the bank's board is second only to Barrett's, "is smoking funny mushrooms." He followed up by sending Webster's a still note attached to a prepared statement he read at last Tuesday's shareholders' meeting in Halifax. "Mr. Barrett's decision to step down at this time was entirely his and the board agreed to it with profound regret," MacAulay wrote. Any other interpretation "would be considered wrong and deliberately misleading."

MacAulay and Bentley are both adamant that no one suggested to Barrett that it was time for him to go. They are the only two directors who spoke privately to him during the period between Martin's announcement on Dec. 14 and a meeting of the bank's full board on Jan. 29. A few days after Dec. 14, Bentley, who is chairman of Canadian Corp. of Vancouver, met with Barrett in Vancouver to tell him all the human resources committee's endorsement of his continued leadership, as well as its own views. Bentley says Barrett, when he listened great deal, was gracious and flattered. As for the two-year stipulation, Barrett said he would have to give that some serious thought during his Christmas vacation in Europe. Some senior bank officials, including a few Bank of Montreal directors, suggest that

the committee structured its conditions in such a way as to give Barrett a gentle nudge to leave his job.

Outside the bank, a contingent in the financial community holds Barrett responsible for triggering and thus having the merger with the Royal Bank even though the board itself endorsed the scheme and supported the bank's aggressive approach. After the merger failed, the rift's avenger, once an asset, was seen as more of a liability. Most important was the growing view that Barrett, however brilliant and beloved by his staff, had not moved on since the failure of the merger. Up until Martin's report, Barrett believed the director majority would reject Barrett "because there would be a lot of willing and possibly unorthodox but at the end of the day, they would be able to work something out," a source close to the bank's senior strategists told *Maclean's*. "I think he was wrong, shocked, I didn't happen."

In the weeks that followed, Barrett was seen as "the only bank chairman who did not manage to get the merger behind him." In a Toronto press conference, for instance, he and other Bay Street sources cited the recent observations of senior Bank of Montreal employees that their organization is ill-equipped to implement an alternative strategy. Two senior Bank of Montreal sources confirmed that, far all the talk during the merger campaign, there never was a solid "Plan B." Says the head manager: "It made sense for somebody new to take over."

For his own reasons, Barrett decided it was time to step aside. On Jan. 13, he wrote a letter to Bentley and MacAulay saying he wanted to retire. According to Bentley, Barrett said the board's generosity in asking him to stay "made it very difficult for him." Barrett argued that whoever launched the new strategy should see it through and that, for personal reasons, he would not be able to make the two-year commitment the board was asking. One of these reasons, people who know Barrett say, is that he began having trouble with the flow of money newspaper stories about his marriage to 44-year-old journalist Anne-Marie Stern. All Barrett asked was to complete the financial year as chairman—an agreement that allows him to collect the \$12 million a year in pension that kicks in when he turns 55—and which would provide \$800,000 a year after his death. Bentley says pension eligibility "was never a topic." Rather, he says Barrett made

AN EVENTFUL YEAR



Chairman

- **JAN. 23, 1999:** The Royal Bank and the Bank of Montreal drop their bombshells—they suddenly announce plans to merge. Royal chairman and CEO John Chapman would become head of the new bank, while Matthew Barrett, chairman and CEO of BMO, says he would stay on only as long as he was needed to help integrate the banks.
- **APRIL 17:** The Toronto Common Bank and Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce announce that they, too, plan to merge.
- **SEPT. 15:** MacKay/Link Force report says mergers are not the only

alternative to the status quo available to the banks.

• **DEC. 17:** The federal competition bureau delivers its report to federal Finance Minister Paul Martin. It is a highly critical one.

• **DEC. 14:** Martin announces he will not allow either merger to proceed. That same day, members of BMO's human resources committee decide to tell Barrett that he has their full confidence, but will stipulate that he make a two-year commitment to his job. A few days later, committee chairman Peter Bentley tells Barrett of this proposal.

• **JAN. 13, 1999:** Barrett sends a letter saying he will inform the board that he cannot agree to another two years at the helm.

• **JAN. 26:** The Bank of Montreal board meets to discuss Barrett's decision to



Star wife: Barrett wed

step down. The board expresses its regret and wishes it is successful. It is agreed that president Anthony Camper, who

is well-liked on Bay Street, will become the new CEO. Camper worked closely with Barrett and was the best man at his friend's wedding to Anne-Marie Stern in August, 1992.

• **FEB. 23:** Barrett announces to shareholders in Halifax that he will remain chairman until the fall, but Camper is now the CEO. He stresses that his decision has nothing to do with the failed bank merger.

this request because "he wanted to complete 37 years with the bank." When the board met in Toronto on Jan. 26 to discuss Barrett's decision, the directors agreed not to vote on the matter—because a board vote would have made it a material item that would have to be disclosed to shareholders. Bank of Montreal managers did not want to do this until they were ready to unveil their Plan B strategy. As it turns out, Plan B is not yet at the point where it can be called a strategic direction. Rather, what the bank announced on Feb. 23 is a U.S. system called Value-Based Management that will serve as a guideline for judging the bank where it wants to go—once Cooper and his lieutenants have laid a five-year roadmap to decide exactly where that is.

In the meantime, Cooper told the annual meeting, the Bank of Montreal will be reorganized into 30 lines of business managed under three main market segments: retail and consumer, wealth management, and corporate. Wherever possible, the bank will expand in the United States. In Calgary the

next day, Royal Bank chairman and CEO John Chisholm—who asks people to expand him to remain in his current job for quite some time—said his bank plans to establish itself as a leading North American competitor by expanding its e-banking network and cutting \$400 million in costs over the next two years. Chisholm's assistant, however, said that this will not be done by closing bank branches or eliminating jobs. Intriguingly, leading analysts say the Bank of Montreal, which owns Chicago-based Harris Bank, could soon find itself battling with the Royal for market share in the American Midwest.

By the time this happens, however, it will not be Barrett's concerns he has been taking a look at, as the bank is recent weeks, encouraging Cooper to move into his new job. People who know Barrett casually say he looks happy and relaxed these days. Barrett and Sen were spotted recently looking over a new Jaguar with friends Ken and Marilyn Thomson at the gala opening of the Toronto auto show. At the Halifax meeting last week, the bank chairman said a few words, keeping it light and brief. He dived out quickly, leaving instructions that he is not to be bothered by journalists. After returning briefly to Toronto, Barrett and his wife headed off to a ski vacation in St. Moritz in Switzerland. A bank spokesman would not speculate on Barrett's plans or whereabouts, but said he understands that Barrett intends to travel, write and possibly teach.

Nonetheless, says Peter Munk, chairman of Trico-Hahn Corp. and Bank of Montreal's U.S. vice president, introduced Barrett and Sen six weeks before their wedding, and he has seen how Barrett is sought after in the upper echelons of international business. Munk thinks Barrett will end up running a big U.S. or European company—and that that, as well as being fed up with what's been said about his marriage, is why he decided to leave the bank. "Barrett can have his cake and eat it too: a divorce, no stigma, a high-paying job. Munk says, which may not be available to him if he spends another five or three years at the bank. "This guy is too young and too successful and too cozy and too much at home in Mexico and London and St. Moritz to put up with that any longer," he says. "People ask why Matt would want to leave Canada. Because he can move to Europe and make \$24 million a year and pay lower taxes and his lifestyle will be better and nobody will ever write nasty things about him again."

THE MAN WHO MUST PLOT A NEW COURSE

When Matthew Barrett passed the CEO reins at the Bank of Montreal annual meeting over to a beaming Francis Anthony Cooper, it was like Douglas Fairbanks Sr. handing his sword to Tom Hanks. While Barrett is slick and silver-tongued, Cooper, the bank's former president and chief operating officer, is a techno-whiz who speaks in jargon. Cooper has toiled diligently in Barrett's shadow, working with him to steer the bank towards record profits. One observer characterized the president's promotion as "the revenge of the nerds." Then again, says a spokesman of another bank, "Anybody would appear wooden after Matt—he's a tough act to follow."

Tony Cooper is not so wooden when he speaks to young academics at his alma mater, St. Michael's College at the University of Toronto. Cooper, 53, reveals that his student days were filled with reading English literature, drumming and singing in a rock band, and exploring the possibility of becoming a Roman Catholic priest. He has encouraged students and would-be bankers to get a broad education.

"He's very self-contained and composed, and a lot of people read into that—incorrectly—stiff and remote," says St. Michael's president Richard Alvey, who has worked with Cooper within the new CEO office on a frequent basis and on the university's governing council. "There's a very strong spark of personality there, and a very active sense of humor."

Cooper was born at the end of the Second World War. His mother was a nurse and his father a financial executive. Between the ages of 16 and 22, Cooper worked summers at the Bank of Montreal branch (now Bay Street's financial towers). After starting full time at the bank in 1967, he joined the personnel department in Montreal, where he first met Barrett. The two became drinking buddies and longtime colleagues. Two years ago, Cooper served as the best man at Barrett's second wedding. Cooper's innovations with the bank's computer systems and other successes assured his boardroom ascent. In 1999, he became Barrett's lieutenant.

The team of Barrett and Cooper has been credited with the bank's nine consecutive years of record profits. Some members of the bank's board say Cooper needed Barrett as much as Barrett needed him, but Ray Street analysts are sure Cooper will flourish on his own. They say the Bank of Montreal does not need charisma now; it needs a hands-on innovator who can implement restructuring plans with the patience and wisdom of a world-class priest.

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B.C. firms avoid taxes and crack the U.S. market

BY JENNIFER HUNTER

Anna Stephens is always dreaming up novel ideas, ones that resonate with the times. In 1987, returning from a trip to India, he was inspired to open a vegetarian restaurant, *Golden Lotus*, at the corner of West Fourth Avenue and Seymour. Since then, it's been the first entry of its kind in Canada. Then Stephens turned his mind to establishing a natural foods supermarket, *LifeSence Natural Foods*, also one of the first such stores in the country. Later, recognizing the growing demand for natural, whole-grain foods, Stephens set up a factory in Delta to produce breakfast foods such as high-fibre corn flakes. By the end of last year, his company, *Nature's Path Foods Inc.*, was one of the leading natural cereal manufacturers in North America, a market valued at about \$225 million in 1996. The Delta operation could not keep up with new orders and Stephens, always the visionary, recognized that he had to expand. But like a number of Canadian companies, particularly those in British Columbia, Nature's Path is building up its business in the United States, just across the border in Blaine, Wash.

For the past decade—despite the Free Trade Agreement—more and more B.C.-based companies are finding it necessary to expand in the United States. Since the late 1980s, about 590 Canadian firms have set up plants or subsidiaries in Washington County on the border, citing reasons such as tax advantages, good transportation links, and alliances with British Columbia's New Democratic Party government, and the need to have a foot in the U.S. market. "In my view, some Canadians think we've sold out," Stephens allows, explaining he is maintaining the Delta head office and plant and not moving all his workers. "Once you get to be a certain size, you're expected to have a U.S. presence. There was subtle pressure. Buyers were asking, 'What is a Canadian-based company doing dominating this particular niche?'"

But B.C. firms are not just setting up in the United States for developing a profile, some are tied up with what they call the "cultural business attitude" at the NDP-run province. "The government here doesn't understand what business needs to survive," complains Don Gelbart, who heads British Columbia's largest high-tech company, *Cero Products Inc.* Cero will remain in Vancouver but Gelbart says his under-

stands the temptation to move south of the border. Other companies are lured by low corporate taxes in Washington and significantly lower personal income tax rates in the U.S. Still others say the low-estimated labour climate is more favourable.

Stephens points to *Jeepney Vancouver* real estate, selling land in the Lower Mainland for just \$250,000 an acre versus \$850,000 in Washington. He also received financial incentives from Whatcom County, a new road,



Cereal maker Stephens at his new factory: feeling the pressure to have a U.S. presence

real property taxes that are seven per cent lower than those in British Columbia. "The community south of us is doing an excellent job of letting our companies know they're open for business," says Bob Bahille, a partner with *Deloitte & Touche LLP* in Langley, B.C., a community southeast of Vancouver that is a 10-minute drive from the U.S. border. Jack Flinnegan, vice-president of the Business Council of British Columbia, explains that even with free trade there are compelling reasons to have a factory in the United States. "We are closer to your customers and you're plugged into the business network down there," he says. "Besides, Washington state has very attractive place to do business."

In the early 1990s, members of the Bellingham Whatcom Economic Development

Council made frequent trips to Canada to lure business. Lately they have targeted their sights in Bellingham and the rest of the United States. But many of the communities they serve, such as Skagit County, a town of 850 people, literally a step across the border from Abbotsford, B.C.—remain highly dependent on Canadian investment. Companies such as *Deitch Corp.*, a dental equipment manufacturer formerly of North Vancouver; *Deitch Transportation Inc.*, with its parent company in British Columbia; and *250 Pacific Inc.*, which is affiliated with a Toronto trading company, account for 60 per cent of Skagit's economic activity, according to Mayor Don Peterson. He says the proximity to transportation is a big factor. The town has cross-border rail connections and is close to both the Inland Empire Highway and the Washington Interstate. And, he adds, "We made an effort to be as accommodating as possible." Flinnegan says the border just isn't rel-

evant anymore. "Put yourself in the shoes of a carpenter from Montreal, Toronto or Regina," he says. "If they want to open a new operation on the West Coast, they won't open it in the United States."

The Port of Bellingham, the engine behind much of the economic growth in Whatcom County, says trucks and land and buildings in Skagit, Blaine and at the Bellingham waterfront and airport. It provides incentives for companies wishing to move to the area, such as attractive leases or industrial development bonds that are capped at \$10 million (U.S.), says Jim Darling, the port's executive director. Despite the decline in the Canadian dollar, "there has been a steady increase" from Canadian companies wishing to set up shop. "Canadian companies," he notes, "have become part

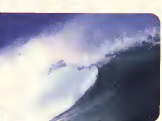
of the economic fabric of what we call the Pacific Northwest." One of the lessons on part real estate is *ProSoft Corp.*, a computer software company run by Doug Foster, a former Vancouver resident. He believes it is important to be on the ground to understand the U.S. market. Some U.S. states or national companies also have key American programs, which make a presence necessary. As well, "there is this perceived thing," says Mike Brennan, president of the Bellingham/Whatcom Chamber of Commerce. "When someone from New York picks up the phone and calls, they like to think they are talking to a U.S. business."

Foster suggests, too, that for high-tech companies, the access to huge pools of venture capital is attractive. It's the capital fund is motivating Randy McCullum, founder of *Velocity High Software* in Vancouver, to locate in the U.S. That, and the heavy burden of Canadian taxes. McCullum says that although Vancouver is beautiful and has strong research and development talent, his firm cannot hire marketing and sales people from the United States. The taxes, he says, are prohibitive. Norm Francis, president and chief executive officer of *ProSoft Software Inc.*, says his company's head office is split between Vancouver and Seattle. Like McCullum, he could not attract qualified employees because of British Columbia's marginal tax rate of 52.7 per cent on incomes over \$80,000. George Haines, head of the B.C. Technology Industries Association, suggests: "The former trickle of companies moving down there has become a rivulet. God help us if it becomes a flood because then people won't come back to Canada easily."

But it isn't only high-tech companies and export makers who are seeking greener pastures in Washington, Oregon or Northern California. Allied Windows of Langley and *Sawane Lumber Co. Ltd.*, a lumber re-manufacturing company in Bellingham, both have operations in northern Washington. Kirby Sangster, manager of *Sawane*, says 65 per cent of the firm's sales are in the United States and he finds the regulatory and labour climate more suited to what he wanted to do. Graham Gillmer, president of Allied, notes a difference between his salmon-cannery shop in Aldergrove, B.C., and his investment in a factory in Bellingham, Wash. "When I step into the Bellingham factory, the guys are smiling. They are proud of us as owners and they want to help us. They respect their enterprise." Gillmer finds B.C. labour less "very friendly."

Stephens of *Nature's Path* has also warned about differences in labour laws. What's put him divided are test runs of the new cereals he'll be producing in Blaine. Only *Ethos* and *Herritage* lines. His company is so welcome here that local officials even named a street after it: *Nature's Path Way*. "It's a little stroke for the ego," Stephens allows. But it is also smart business on the part of Whatcom County, ensuring *Nature's Path* becomes one of its own. □

THE WEATHER NETWORK DR. WEAVER WATCHES ISN'T ON TELEVISION.



Climate rules our lives more than we realize. Who of us hasn't left home without an umbrella only to learn the weather report, or complained of spending too much on heating? But for businesspeople dependent on the weather, or people who live off the land, climate poses a more serious threat to their existence. Gleaning the wrong clues to stock or crops in place can make the difference between success and bankruptcy.

To help Canadians make the right decisions, Dr. Andrew Weaver, of the University of Western, watches changes in the seasons. By studying shifts in the ocean, Dr. Weaver contributes to predicting major weather phenomena like El Niño. Dr. Weaver is also working with international colleagues to an effort to understand the impact of global warming. They predict it will result in a rise in the oceans, eroding beaches and droughts in some areas and, ironically, cooling in others. As he works to understand climate change, Dr. Weaver helps us to cope with its power over our lives.

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A flyer on the markets

After too often, an idea that sounds great in theory proves to be a headache, or worse, in the real world. Let's hope that doesn't turn out to be the case with Ottawa's plan to shovel billions of dollars from the Canada Pension Plan into the stock market.

On paper, the idea makes sense. The CPP is currently configured to scarcely keep up with the country's aging population. To make sure the plan doesn't run out of money when the baby boomers start to retire early in the next century, the federal government two years ago devised a three-pronged strategy. First, it cut CPP benefits by about 1.6 per cent for people who retired after Dec. 31, 1997.

Second, it voted to ratchet up the premiums workers pay by 25 per cent over the next five years to create a massive CPP reserve fund. Finally, it created a CPP Investment Board with a mandate to maximize the fund's returns, in the same way individual investors try to boost the earnings from their retirement savings.

That's the tricky bit. Until now, CPP reserve funds have been loaned out to the provinces at fixed government borrowing rates. In the future, the provinces will only have access to a small portion of the reserves and they will have to borrow at prevailing rates, which average about one per cent higher. The rest of the money will be invested, just like any private pension plan, in a diversified, judiciously-managing stocks, but also bonds and, conceivably, real estate and venture capital loans.

The logic behind this is obvious: historically, stocks have outperformed other investments, albeit by a wide margin. If the new plan works as Ottawa hopes, the future of public pensions will be secure. It might even be possible down the road to reduce CPP contribution rates or increase the benefits paid to retired Canadians. New would not that be a welcome change?

As always, however, the devil is in the details. Some left-wing critics, including the Council of Canadians, have accused Ottawa

of gambling with poor pensions by lending the CPP to a volatile stock market. Coupled with its anti-free-market stance, the council says Canadians believe that it's better to hide the CPP's reserve fund under a mattress than to roll the dice in what Peter Beyer, the group's executive director, calls "the casino economy of global speculation."

It's possible, albeit unlikely, that Beyer is right—that the returns from the stock market over the next couple of decades will be far lower than in the past. If so, the CPP might require a taxpayer-funded bailout. But stock-market volatility is actually the

only the CPP has opted for a passive investment style, which means it will adjust to replicate the performance of the TSX-300 rather than picking and choosing individual stocks. But the board's mandate does not prevent it from contributing to an active role in the future. And even a decision to remain an index investor would not shield the CPP from political interference. In some ways, it would make meddling even more likely.

How long will it be, for example, before some backbench MP uses in the Commons and demands to know why public pension funds are invested in shares of Inco Ltd., the country's biggest polluter of tobacco? Inco, after all, is one of the blue-chip companies in the TSX 300. The index also includes a

long list of forestry, mining, and oil and gas companies, any one of which could become the target of criticism for its activities here or abroad. And what about companies whose employment practices offend some vulnerable interest group? The New Democratic Party would certainly not want to see public pension money invested in those firms. Many Liberals would take a similar view.

It's almost inevitable that politics and ideology will influence how CPP funds are invested. Those political pressures in turn, could result in lower returns for the plan's beneficiaries. It's worth noting that when President Bill Clinton proposed a similar investment plan for U.S. Social Security funds in January, it ignited a raging controversy. Few more among those who oppose Clinton's plan is Alan Greenspan, the respected chairman of the U.S. Federal Reserve Board. "I do not believe that it is politically feasible to modulate such huge funds from government direction," Greenspan told Congress in January. He added that political tampering "could put at risk the efficiency of our capital markets and thus our economy."

Here in Canada, public servants know better than to cross swords with their political masters, which may explain why the opposition to Ottawa's plan has, to date, been muted. But that's a shame, because an issue of this magnitude deserves a full public debate.

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THE BAY'S NEW MAN

Hudson's Bay Co. has changed presidents for the second time in less than two years in an attempt to improve sales. Hudson's Bay, which operates The Bay and Zellers stores, has replaced William Fouts, former Wal-Mart executive, with veteran retailer George Heller, 51, who has been for president of Zellers. His priority will be to shape a clear strategy for the firm, which was disappointed with 1998's results.

GOULF POSTS HUGE LOSS

Low oil prices, a weak dollar and a high debt load all contributed to a bad year for Calgary-based Gulf Canada Petroleum Ltd. The company reported a 1998 loss of \$862 million compared with \$204 million in profit the previous year. Other businesses are also hurting in the oilpatch. Members of the Calgary Professional Club, a dining establishment for mid-level oil executives since 1958, voted to close for good.

WTO SAYS FUND ILLEGAL

The Geneva-based World Trade Organization has declared that the \$3-billion Canada Account, operated by the Export Development Corp., is illegal. Government officials, who have questioned the interim ruling, say the account is used to loan money to foreign purchasers of Canadian products such as nuclear reactors. The WTO will make a final ruling on March 12.

RED INK AT TORSTAR

Torstar Corp., publisher of The Toronto Star, reported a 1998 loss of \$5.1 million. The company incurred several unusual expenses last year, including \$11.6 million spent in an unsuccessful bid for the Sun newspaper chain.

RECORD FINE LEVIED

The R.C. Securities Commission has fined Terry Alexander, former chief executive of Anixes Energy, \$1.2 million and banned him from trading Vancouver-listed stocks for 30 years. Alexander breached numerous regulations while financing a Sudanese oil project.

ROYAL OAK DELISTED

The American Stock Exchange has delisted the gold mining firm Royal Oak Mines Inc., which was granted bankruptcy protection while it tried to restructure its \$655-million debt, much of it incurred to build the Kemess mine in British Columbia.

The axe falls twice

From blue jeans to auto parts, it was a rocky week for organized labour in Ontario. First, San Francisco-based Levi Strauss & Co. announced that it will close its plant in Carmel as part of a North American restructuring, and chop 500 jobs. Forty-eight hours later, autoworkers took a bigger hit when General Motors of Canada Ltd. announced that it will eliminate 1,100 of about 4,000 jobs at two St. Catharines plants that produce rear axles, brake parts and truck engines.

Some industry observers applauded GM for moving to cut costs and stay competitive with its major rivals. After nearly a decade of cutbacks and restructuring, GM's workforce has been trimmed back to 30,000 from 39,000. Industry experts say the loss of jobs cuts are necessary because GM's North American market share has fallen to 30 per cent from 45 per cent. But Canadian Auto Workers union president Steve Hargrove warned the layoffs could lead to labour trouble next fall when contract negotiations begin. "It's shocking and frustrating," Hargrove said. "We hope that GM



Autoworkers in St. Catharines: 'shocking and frustrating'

will come to its senses and we'll fight like hell to avoid a strike. But this makes our job a lot tougher in bargaining."

Meanwhile, Levi Strauss cut the backlog of organized labour by announcing that it is moving much of its North American production to countries where operating costs are lower. The privately held company, which does not release profit and loss figures, is closing 11 of 22 North American plants and laying off 5,000 employees—30 per cent of its workforce—after worldwide sales in 1998 fell 13 per cent to \$9 billion. Consumers have been passing on Levi's traditional five-pocket jeans in favour of trendier wide-bottom and cargo pants offered by competitors including The Gap and Tommy Hilf. "We need to get better at getting intimate with our consumer and understanding what they want immediately," said John Krassinger, president of Levi's American division.

A pitch for Bill C-55

Canadian magazine publishers went to Washington last week to argue that a proposed federal law does not violate international trade agreements. The publishers maintained that Bill C-55, which would prevent American publishers from selling advertising services to Canadian companies in so-called offshore entities, will merely keep Canadian magazines

competitive. Françoise de Gaspé Desbouché, president of Trimmedia Publishing, added that other industries will be at risk if the United States can circumvent trade agreements that allow Canada to protect its culture. But the department did not win many converts. The Canadian government has threatened to retaliate with \$1 billion in trade sanctions if Bill C-55 becomes law and congressional leaders released letters last week endorsing that position.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

It may be nothing more than a temporary upward blip caused by some underlying economic jitters. Last week, the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce raised its five-year mortgage rate by one-quarter of a point to 7.15 per cent from 6.9 per cent—the second increase since it hit a record low of 6.6 per cent in December. Other institutions quickly followed the CIBC's lead, and some analysts attributed the movement to a sell-off in the bond market that began late

last year, sending yields higher and raising the borrowing costs for banks. As well, some experts cited U.S. Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan's semi-annual report to the U.S. Congress last week. Economists assessing his remarks concluded that he is looking towards rising rates



later this year, particularly if strong U.S. economic growth causes labour shortages and requires price inflation.

"Any move as a long way away, but [Greenspan's] comments suggest he's thinking it will be a hike."

—Thomas Deacon, Economics of New York

"The U.S. economy would appear to be too healthy. We're turning people into savers—who look at the next interest rate increase being on the upside."
—Scott McLeod Inc.

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Personal Finance

No easy money in coins

There is a widely held belief that buying commemorative coins is a sound financial investment. This is a misconception, according to Don Preston, co-owner of the Calgary Coin & Antique Gallery. He says purchasing commemorative coins should be seen as no more than a hobby. "It's just like buying a soufflé from 'Preston's'," he explains. "You enjoy it and then maybe sell it for what you bought it." The point is worth remembering when considering coins such as those in the millennium celebration set in 1997 and that series has increased in value. The ordinary set of coins and the silver set are worth more than double their 1997 value.

One way to make some money is to stumble upon a new coin. For example, the most struck fewer than 200,000 quarters in 1991—a day or so after the 1991 quarter fetched about 60 from dealers. No fortune, but still a quarter that would be wanted in a pay phase.



Preston: coins collecting is a hobby only

Each month, the next place to issue a new coin in the 1999 series. The March coin, for example, depicts a man trying to break up a logjam. Even the most avid coin collectors are purely for pleasure. "You collect them in quarters," says spokeswoman Pierre Morin. "We do not consider these coins as investments by any stretch of the imagination."

How can a coin in a roll collect its value? The aluminum coins from the 1976 Summer Olympic Games in Montreal fetch only their face value. Fewer coins were produced to mark Canada's cen-

A capital return

For decades, the most popular way of realising a company's financial performance has been to calculate its earnings per share—the firm's annual profits divided by the number of shares. But recently, some analysts have been pushing a different approach, which they call Economic Value Added. In financial terms, EVA measures a company's performance based on its return on capital, both equity and debt. Advisors say EVA is the most accurate way of determining how well shareholders are rewarded for investing in a company rather than another. In contrast, traditional valuation methods can easily be distorted by accounting techniques.

A growing number of U.S. mutual fund managers are using EVA to guide their stock picks. Now, a Toronto-based outfit has become the first fund company anywhere to use EVA exclusively as its investment style. Northwest Mutual Funds Inc., founded in late 1987, offers one traditional and five domestic funds. "We were looking for a way to differentiate ourselves, and we think we've found it," says Northwest president Michael Butler, a former executive with Specialty Unit of Mutual Funds Inc. and Mackenzie Financial Corp. It's not only in its name, but the strategy will pay off for investors, but the early results were mixed. The flagship Northwest Growth Fund lost 4.9 per cent in 1998, a year in which the average Canadian equity mutual fund lost 3.1 per cent. The Northwest International Fund did even better—up 25.3 per cent compared with an average return for global equity funds of 17.3 per cent. If Butler manages to maintain that pace, they Northwest—with a mere \$140 million in assets as of January—is almost certain to take off.

FORECAST: GOLD'S PRICE With stock markets booming and inflation almost non-existent, gold's value has plummeted over the past three years. Between February, 1996, and August, 1998, gold fell to \$273 per ounce from \$416, a 34-per-cent decline. The price has since bounced back to about \$250, and Toronto-based market analyst Ian McVeigh believes the worst is over. He says any number of things, such as higher oil prices or a dip in the U.S. dollar, could get the glitter back in gold.

Money Talks

Parental guidance

The thought of having to pay for a child's future education can be paralyzing for parents faced with the skyrocketing costs of higher learning.

Repeal McLean, author of *Guarantee Your Child's Financial Future*, estimates that in 18 years a typical four-year university education in Canada will cost more than \$90,000. The book goes beyond RESP. McLean offers advice on drafting a will, choosing a guardian and purchasing life insurance to provide financial security in case a parent dies prematurely. This "wake up call for parents and grandparents" is published by McGraw-Hill Ryerson Ltd. and retails for \$21.99.

RRSPs in remission

Canadians pumped \$27.4 billion into RRSPs for 1997, but contributions for 1998 are expected to be down significantly. The first such decline since 1990, says Don Richards, president of the Toronto-based research firm Information Solutions. He adds that many Canadians are unable to contribute because incomes have been stable and taxes have risen, leaving them short of savings.

Sticking close to home

Many Canadians may dream of retiring to the warmth and sunshine of Florida or Arizona. But fewer than one in five Canadians are serious about moving to retire, according to a poll conducted by the Angus Reid Group on behalf of the Royal Bank. The poll also found that only 49 per cent of Canadians would prefer to retire in the family home, even if they could afford to move wherever they chose. Only three per cent said they would move to Florida and one per cent said they would move to Arizona, California, Hawaii and West Virginia State. The breakdown of where Canadians would choose to retire:

25%	In family home
13%	West Coast
12%	Another country
6%	Don't know
7%	United States
6%	East Coast
2%	Provinces
1%	Ontario



Peter C. Newman

The biggest threat to Canada's future

When the chip hits the fan next New Year's Eve, Toronto Dominion Bank chairman Charlie Baillie and most of his senior management team will be at their work stations. We've spent more than \$300 million on resolving the Y2K problem, but still have some testing to do," he says. "We are not so much worried about our bank as about others not becoming Y2K compliant. We're advising our customers to treat the occasion like a long weekend before there were credit cards, when you might withdraw \$200 or \$500, but not all your savings. If people look out all their money, there wouldn't be enough cash. There might be a panic and a run on the banks."

That's the easy part of Baillie's forward planning. More complicated is his view of the future following Prime Minister Paul Martin's recent veto of bank mergers that halted TD's intended marriage with the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. "I was very disappointed," he told us recently in his first major interview since Ottawa dismantled the bank mergers. "Because it's not good public policy for Canada. In the past, the world changed slowly enough that you could take time to adjust. Our law now is that it's changing too quickly. I watched all the mergers take big place around the world and become convinced that technology is now making and will make a much bigger difference than it is the past. The Bank of America last year received \$5.5 billion in new technology while we spent \$500 million, and that gap is growing every year. We must have some institutions that are world class."

"If we could have put the Commerce and ourselves together, the financial synergies would have gotten us a higher market position that would have let us buy into U.S. financial institutions. On our own, it's very difficult to be a buyer of anything meaningful. If you're going to be a significant factor in Canada as the long run; you're going to have to be a significant factor in North America as the borders break down. People say, 'Well, you can do the merger a few years from now,' but that might be too late. We bought the New York discount broker Waterhouse Securities in August of 1996 and we couldn't afford to buy it today."

Baillie adds: "We will have to become more of a active player now. We were fortunate because within a few weeks of the borders being torn down, online trading stocks in the United States just took off and our stock went up as a result, because we were the number 2 discount brokerage in the world now."

That's nearly why TD's first-quarter earnings of \$1.7 billion, released last month, were up an unprecedented 18 per cent. Under Baillie, who became the bank's chairman in 1997, TD has expanded its online trading with 14.4 million accounts around the world

(second only to San Francisco-based Charles Schwab & Co.) over about 62,000 trades a day—more than the daily transactions on the Toronto Stock Exchange. Apart from that highly profitable activity, Baillie predicts a future that will include more venturing with other Canadian banks on specific projects and activities. [One current example is Senior Services Inc., an outfit owned jointly by Toronto Dominion, Royal Bank, and the Bank of Montreal, which processes all their cheques.] To narrow its scope, TD has already pulled out of the payroll and securities custody businesses. "The big opportunity for us will be wealth management and discount brokerage because it's a critical mass business—you don't waste any money until you get to be a fair size and then you make a lot."

TD has already purchased other discount brokerages in the United States, Australia, and the United Kingdom, and is negotiating for new outlets in Japan and Hong Kong. At home, the bank's most innovative policy has been the way it has dealt with its employees. Instead of shutting down underperforming branches, it has moved 10,000 into such retail outlets as Sobey's grocery stores in the Maritimes and Mid-Mexico in every region. Two dozen such mini-banks, employing three or four tellers and account managers, are already operational; they will more than double by year's end.

Like most bankers, Baillie was disappointed in the recent federal budget, which he sees off as a political exercise. "Our top levels are driving our best brains out of the country," he complains. "We don't lose the welfare cases. We cut the top losing the best of our group and hope to compete. There have to be some meaningful tax reductions now or we're going to be driving out our best and brightest, and won't have anybody we want to employ." Baillie's intention of expanding his efforts as Canadian bank acquired a big boost last week when TD was chosen (along with the city of London) to manage Ottawa's Canada Pension Plan funds which amount to \$80 billion. "It makes us a very large investment manager," he says. "We were already the largest in the country in index management and this really consolidates it."

In his spare time, Baillie continues his exploits as Canadian bank mogul and barbequeer. During a Christmas holiday visit to Vancouver with his family, he was particularly impressed by an award-winning barbecue he called the rib. But it was when he went hiking high in the mountains that he saw the light of a lifetime: giant moose sticking below him. "You could see these great birds with their giant wings—working in the updrafts. We also saw some bank-like birds called kites—birds which are fairly large, but look like birds instead of the condors. It was huge."

No doubt Charlie Baillie would prefer to have become a condor-size bird, but his megafirm TD is still a blackbird with plenty of zip and bite.

SO IT'S DECIDED THEN, ISN'T IT? LARGER THAN I.

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Alanis Morissette

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON



Imagine: You are 23 years old and you have made the biggest-selling album ever recorded by a female singer. You have won four Grammys and six Junos. You have toured the world, and everywhere you go, from Milwaukee to Manila, you can hear echoes of your own voice rising from the audience. You are a signed Revere, Calif.-based, ex-Ottawa girl who learned to love her soul in Los Angeles, and who became, as you put it, *Muse Thing*. Now everyone wants a piece of you, but you desperately want to get away. And get it? What you gonna call? Mother Teresa?

Well, if you're Alanis Morissette, that's exactly what you do. The Canadian popstar had been organizing a visit to Mother Teresa's hospital in India, but she still wonders what prompted her to dial Calcutta on the night of Sept. 4, 1997. "I called out of the blue," she told *Rolling Stone* in a recent interview. "I wanted to talk to her [she was open to chatting]; I talked to a couple of her nuns, and upon getting information from them, they said, 'Would you like to speak to her now?' Morissette remains here weighing the decision in her mind.

In that moment—taking into account how it felt when a lot of people wanted to speak to me—I just said, 'We finished. I realize she's really died.' Then the next morning I woke up and she had died."

But Morissette regretted not talking to Mother Teresa? "Not really," she says. "I feel like I've talked to her."

By now, anyone who has heard Morissette's recent hit single, *Thank U* ("Thank you, India, thank you, providence"), knows that she, like the Beatles, made the pilgrimage to the East and came back transformed. Spending six weeks in India in 1997 with her mother, two aunts and two girlfriends—the "godless trip," she calls it—the singer briefly volunteered at Mother Teresa's Mount Carmel of Charity hospital. She also bailed in the Ho-

malyas. She later traveled to Cuba with a group that included fellow superstar Leonor Go DiCaprio. There, she fell in love with a friend of her American actor Donal Millik (*The Thin Red Line*). And during her year-long disappearing act, she also competed in three triathlons. Plus, she filmed her first movie role, as a comically misled dog, starring Matt Damon and Ben Affleck, in fellow single *Alanis* plays God.

Of the Canadian diva who virtually rules the world of female pop, Morissette, now 24, appears the most eager to reinvent herself. She's a Twin in the Twinz. Céline Dion is the Voice. But Alanis is the Free Spirit: a wanderer who has broken out of her packaging and seems willing to put her career at risk for

the sake of self-expression. All three singers were on hand for last week's *Grammy Awards*. Although Morissette's new album, *Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie*, came out too late in 1996 to be eligible, she won two Grammys for *Demolition*, her song from the City of Angels film sound track—first female rock performance and best rock song. As she sang *Demolition* on the show, she proved to be a class act in a night that unfolded like a *Felicitas* costume ball (Guys 50). But Morissette's teen fans, who cut their teeth on the dirty outrage of *Don't Speak*, must have been asking, "Where's the rock?" All of a sudden, they find their heroine in a sequined gown acting all grown-up in front of a full orchestra.

With her new album and a new tour, Morissette is returning to the tiny world some disarray expectations. When she walked Toronto last month to announce a Canadian tour—an 11-city blitz beginning on May 2 in Vancouver—local media cynically suggested she was just trying to prop up soft album sales. In fact, since its release last November, *Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie* has sold about three million copies in the United States and 360,000 in Canada.

Coming after 1995's jagged *Lady P*, which eventually sold 28 million copies worldwide, the sequel's numbers may seem disappointing. But no one ever repeats that kind of commercial failure twice.

Besides, *Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie* does not exactly grow old as it goes on by commercial. Among its 17 tracks, there are lots of the catchypop hooks that made *Jagged Little Pill* so palatable. Instead, Morissette's voice carries the thrust and drive of minor chords, pulled by an undertone of Indian rhythms, while the lyrics offer a therapeutic balm of confessions, conversations and New Age mysticism. The very anger of *Jagged Little Pill* has given way to healing and reconciliation. Morissette turns free-form jour-

nal entries into uplifting lyrics. She sings open letters to ex-lovers, family members and friends. *Unave*, her new single, addresses streams of consciousness love notes to five former boyfriends ("Dear Matthew, dear Jonathan... Dear Joe"). This may be pop music's answer to e-mail. But Morissette's sophisticated effort tries to stretch the boundaries of pop. And even when the result is sloppy or sentimental, it has a nerve originality.

Infatuation Junkie is the portrait of an artist in recovery from love. Here is someone who worked assiduously to become a pop star from the age of 18. She made her name as a teenage disc queen, signed a trust-fund-size contract with a Canadian, celebrity-headed to Columbia (the ex-boyfriend she dated with a nervous "I'm down, then undidated her") and was crowned *Jagged Little Pill* as an undisputed hit of pop girl power. But no sooner was *Alanis* a star than she began to shed the trappings of stardom.

The evolution was evident in the videos for her breakout album. The first showed her as a rock chick in the desert stomping through *Don't Speak* in black leather pants, by the fourth video for *Head over Feet*, she posed without makeup, gazing at the camera, in a dramatically unflattering close-up. Then for *Thank U*, she walked the streets of downtown Los Angeles in a grunge/Gothic pose of seclusive sanity, her braids coily veiled by the *Nip/Tuck* hair and her crotch whited out by a video blur. "I was in my shower when I thought of the idea," she says, adding she would happily bare all if it were not for censors. "When I'm naked, I feel so free and liberated and unself-conscious and close to God. So I thought it would



No sooner did Alanis become a star than she began to shed the trappings of stardom

COVER

be open prior to be asked in my video." Record company executives were not so thrilled. "They would have loved something else," says Morissette's Los Angeles-based manager Scott Welch. "But she felt I need to let girls see that you can just be who you are. She's a badass. Here's a star who's not afraid to be shown without perfect hair or makeup. And she's not afraid to feel a little fat."

I was the biggest hypocrite. I've gotten caught by my own interest. The very freedom I espoused. I have abused my power, forgive me.

—Oce, *from Initiation Junkie*

The photo shoot is set up in a basement room at Toronto's new sports arena, the Air Canada Centre. There is a home odor of fresh carpet in the air. Alanis drops from a news conference announcing the Canadian tour, video in one hand, long hair cut. Underneath, a delicate brown blouse with sheer sleeves, buttoned blue jeans, scuffed black combat boots. Her hair is a loose mane. Her only jewelry is a ring with two dried flowers in a ball of fabric, a gift from a girlfriend in Vancouver.

Posing for a photographer, Morissette meets his eye with the open, open gaze of an innocent girl. But she is a wary subject, with the self-consciousness of a woman beyond her years. When asked to lower her head and look up at the camera, she hesitates.

"I don't want to look like a rock star," she says firmly.

"Don't worry," says the photographer. "You look like a fashion model."

"That's even worse," she laughs, turning away.

In a wide-ranging interview, Morissette talks candidly about her life and art—from losing her virginity to coping with love. She talks about channeling her anger, going beyond therapy and finding serenity in self-expression. Her ideas, like her songs, often verge on psycho babble, but they seem honest and uncut, the musings of a young woman initiated with her newfound maturity.

Fear took some getting used to. "I felt there was a distance between who I was and the environment I found myself in," says Morissette. "I was motivated by my own compassion, but a lot of people were motivated by hate and status and wanting rewards. I questioned why someone would want my autograph, and why someone would feel better standing near me or running back and

telling their cousin they spent time with me. And me not knowing when to say no and when to say yes—and perhaps crying on the side of saying no." On the other hand, she adds, "There was an amazing way to see who I was dealing with pretty much right away. I was immediately not a lot about someone's character by the way they feel about face."

Then there are the perks. Getting to hang out with other famous people. Going to Cuba with Leonardo DiCaprio. "It was a cultural exchange with 20 people put together by an investment banking company in New York," Morissette explains. "We went to different hospitals and art galleries and restaurants and dance clubs and really just absorbed it. Basically, the Cuban culture wants America to see them as more than just an embargo situation, and they're like, 'We're different artists down right might result in a kind of spreading the word.' The trip was an all-inclusive package. "One minute I'd be in an AIDS hospital speaking to a patient and connecting with them, and later that night I would be dancing my head off at an outdoor salsa club. It was everything. It was beautiful and inspiring."

And romance. After meeting Dash Miller in Cuba (he's the uncredited Phil in *This Bad Line* and a regular on TV's *Pepper*), a year later Morissette says they are still in love. So how many times has she been in love? "I have to believe what we feel in love isn't just the eyes," she replies. "In love, I think maybe you have full intuition and heart palpitations and obvious candid times. But I've only been in one really healthy relationship. And that's this one."

I love you when you dance when you're free in love as pure as an expression

—So Flacc, *from Initiation Junkie*

Philadelphia, the eve of Valentine's Day. Some 15,000 fans packed into a hockey arena erupt over wild cheers as Alanis steps on stage. She is clad in black, with a upturned skirt wrapped around loose pants and a sleeveless top. Picking a microphone up off the floor, she launches into *Alanis* from the new album, a dark dirge about Western tourism seeking instant salvation at the feet of "make-believe gods." The theme of *World World* codex extends to the single-stage set, which is flanked by both banners, and backed by crone Marianne (retired)

But for a rock spectacle, it is a no-frills pro-

The singer in concert in Philadelphia last month, as an aspiring protean singing sensation in 1993 (below): her latest lyrics are open letters to ex-lovers, family members and friends—in effect, pop music's answer to a mail



duction. And Alanis wins over the audience without the usual rock 'n' roll histrionics. Alanis jogs into the stage. Then, in *Two Lovers*, she lets loose. With a scoreboarding video playing behind her, Alanis jumps and spins in circles, faster and faster, like a kid trying to make herself dizzy, until her head is wobbling around her head. A wheezing dervish. As the song ends, she falls her arms in prayer.

None of this seems choreographed. Or, at least, the illusion of naïveté is convincing. And none of the rage and pain underlying Morissette's lyrics comes across in performance. From the Sgt. Pepper tribute of the band to the Indian dance, the spirit is born again, peace and love. It is white music—while the majority of Philadelphia's population is African American, there are few black faces in the audience—and it's not terribly sexy. Whenever things threaten to get too effusive, however Alanis picks up the harmonica. She is so young, but inside beats out and knows the danger of being out of it, she dines the crowd to a frenzy with her sheer exuberance.

Later, when asked about her loneliness for the harmonica, Morissette says, "It's a sweet little emotional yuck. It's coming from the mouth. I have used instruments." Alanis heard a lot of harmonica as a child; her parents were heavily into Bob Dylan.

starts out unapologetic, to the sound of hand drums and harmonica, while a video shows Alanis jogging into the stage. Then, in *Two Lovers*, she lets loose. With a scoreboarding video playing behind her, Alanis jumps and spins in circles, faster and faster, like a kid trying to make herself dizzy, until her head is wobbling around her head. A wheezing dervish. As the song ends, she falls her arms in prayer.

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take a trip to new york with your girlfriend and your girl identification when they and I have something anything you'd like to know young lady? you said 'you'll like to know what kind of people I'll be dealing with'.

—Ue, *from Initiation Junkie*

Alanis Nadine Morissette—and her twin brother, Wade—were born in Ottawa on June 1, 1974. To Alan and George Morissette, who are both teachers, Alan is French-Canadian. George was born in Hungary—fleeing to Canada with his family during the 1960s to Soviet uprising at the age of 10. George was just 12 when she and Alan met at a school yard and fast became sweethearts. Alan holds a prediction he would marry her, which he did, nine years later in 1997. The Morissettes have three children: the older brother, Chad, was born three years before the twins. But the bond between Alan and Wade seemed strongest. As a child, George, she often performed with her twin brother, who became a singer-songwriter but is now a pop instructor at Vancouver. "We're influenced each other a lot," says Morissette. "Not only that, we've been going through a lot of the same changes at the same time."

Her talent first emerged when she was a toddler. In 1977, her parents began a three-year stint teaching at a NACO base in Lahti, Germany. While on vacation in France, Alan took the three-year-old Alanis to the movie *Grease*. She quickly memorized all the songs, and using a rail polka bottle as a microphone, she would play Olivia Newton-John to Wade's John Travolta. By the age of 9, Alanis had started writing her own songs and getting them on tape, precocious members with titles like *Pink Stripes* and *Mr. and Mrs. Right*. She modeled her cassette to a couple of family friends who were musicians, and they were impressed enough to help her cut a single.

Meanwhile, the young singer had landed an acting gig on *Yankee Doodle* on Telenovela, a local children's show that was picked up by the U.S. Nickelodeon cable channel. She used her earnings to manufacture 1,500 copies of the single. But they with Mr. and Mrs. Chad, who were nervous. Although it did not take off, it caught the ear of Ottawa impresario Steve Klovat, a former figure-skating champion who became Morissette's manager and agent. At 13, she landed on *O Canada* for an Elizabeth Maitland skating show, then soon became a fixture at hockey games and political rallies—the Andrew Galt. When she was 14, Klovat showed her off to Paris to shoot her first promotional video,



which showed her frolicking through a bathroom in a bathing suit. At 17, she released her debut album *Adonis*, which sold 100,000 copies and won the Juno for most promising female vocalist in 1992.

It was not easy being her pop tart. Every morning, her high school played her version of *O Canada* over the PA system, giving the singer her first taste of an awkward backhush. Also, she lived a double life: "There was this split," she says, "a split between my high school self—the part of me that would go to parties and spend time with friends my age—and the part of me that was in the entertainment industry with a lot of adults, staying in the studio all day in the morning. It required me to be very much an adult while emotionally I was still very much a child." But Morissette insists her parents did not push her: "The pressure to perform perfectly was mine. Perfectionism was something I battled for many years."

Growing up in a devout Roman Catholic home, however, was another source of stress. Morissette says she did not lose her religiosity until she was almost 19. "Brought up Catholic," she says, "I was taught that if you're a virgin, then you're clean and then will love you and you are going to be this prize. So while I was very sexually active from the time I was 12 years old, I remained a virgin, which was hilariously ridiculous in retrospect. But I was unclouded with this whole you-have-to-keep-yourself-uncorrupted thing." Eventually, she adds, "I had sex and now how beautiful it is being and grateful it was." Who was her lucky fella? Morissette will not say. "But we don't need to talk about him, poor guy," she laughs. "It's one of the greatest loves of my life, and to this day."

Around this time, however, she was involved in one of her first serious relationships with American TV actor David Connolly, who starred in *Full House*, hosted *American's Funniest People*, and is 15 years older than she. Among the thousands of Web sites devoted to Morissette, Connolly's name often comes up in less flattering regard—the identity of the man who shed her for an older woman in *Sex and the City*. But Morissette, who seems to be building a career on serious romance with ex-boyfriends, is not about to name names.

At 31, Alan released an on-stage. Her second album, *Now Is the Time*, had gone reasonably well, and her career was stable. Meantime, she had been accepted by universities in Toronto and Ottawa. But then MCA Music Canada executive John Alexander contacted her with Scott Welch, a Los Angeles manager who had scored Paula Abdul from a cheerleader until a pop star. Welch persuaded Morissette to leave home, live in Toronto and write songs. "We got her in a small apartment with the smallest of things she could live on," he recalls. "All of a sudden, she started to get a sense of who she was. She'd always been a



a creative situation where other people were dictating the terms. This was her opportunity and she took it."

After collaborating with a string of Toronto songwriters and leaving a CBC TV show called *Made in Canada*, Morissette made the leap to Los Angeles in 1994. Shortly after arriving, she was snapped by two thieves at gunpoint. Unfazed, she stayed on and hooked up with Glen Ballard, a high-powered producer who has worked with everyone from Barbra Streisand to Michael Jackson. "I thought she was one of those artists, cerebral," recalls Ballard. "We hit it off—had a cup of tea and wrote a song."

But on a flight home for Christmas, while rushing to finish the last of her Christmas cards, Morissette was overcome by an anxiety attack. It was followed by dialing spells and hours of uncontrolled sobbing. The breakdowns unearthed a motherlode of repressed emotions that became the raw ingredients of *Jagged Little Pill*. While she went back to work with Ballard in Los Angeles, the songs just poured out. Writing the album together was "unprecedented," says Ballard.

"And it benefited greatly from the fact that Alan did not have a record deal at that point. We were doing it for 'Manic Street Preachers' who owned by Madonna, signed her up, and the album, powered by the sexual rage of the *Angels* tour, took off like a rocket."

Is she perceived like we would go down as now in a director's?
—Yves Ouellet-Kane

Morissette burst on the scene as pop's new feminist provocateur. Madonna, its earlier prototype, told *Rolling Stone* that she "reminds me of me when I started out—slightly awkward, but extremely self-possessed and straightforward. There's a sense of entitlement and goddess in the air around her—like anything's possible and she's the sign." But, despite their mutual interest in yoga, Alanis and Madonna agree to have a much in common as a flower child and a dominatrix. "I haven't been listening to Madonna in the last few years," Morissette confesses. "When I was younger, I listened to

Like Joni Mitchell, Morissette is a vocal explorer with an ethereal instrument and original inflection



Morissette, with twin brother Wade, in 1997, winning Juno Award for most promising female vocalist in 1992 (right: "The pressure to perform perfectly was mine")

her a lot. We don't really talk very often."

Morissette's success, meanwhile, drew detractors. Courtney Love lashed her. And Joni Mitchell was quick to squelch comparisons between herself and Alanis. "I'm an insular person and not just a pop songwriter," she laments. "Alanis Morissette writes words, someone else helps set it to music, and then she's kind of spaced out to the part." Morissette coolly fields the criticism. "Everyone's entitled to live one or hate me or not care about me. So I don't really feel the need to respond. I started listening to Joni after *Jagged Little Pill*, when everyone said you're so obviously influenced by her. I said, 'Actually, I don't even have one of her records.' So then everyone was translating me with Joni Mitchell records."

The Joni comparison is not completely fair. Like Mitchell, Morissette is a vocal explorer with an ethereal instrument and original sense of inflection. And Ballard, Morissette's writing partner, says she has a strong hand in the music. "I then suggested a harmonic landscape," he says, "but she's always leading the ultimate melodic expression for what she has to say. Once the stars wrap their words around it, she has to personify the melody. And I have no idea how she gets so many words in one line of music."

Morissette has developed a unique vocal attack, the way she fills in empty places with words—"a broken key" and "the 'I'll love you'—into sultry lyrics. In *Symphonies*, Chasteter, a chosen set musician about abusive



ness, she stitches her breath into "breathier-one" as if bent on drawing blood.

Asked about whether she herself has suffered physical abuse, the singer says, "No. Mitchell was quick to squelch comparisons between herself and Alanis. 'I'm an insular person and not just a pop songwriter,' she laments. 'Alanis Morissette writes words, someone else helps set it to music, and then she's kind of spaced out to the part.' Morissette coolly fields the criticism. 'Everyone's entitled to live one or hate me or not care about me. So I don't really feel the need to respond. I started listening to Joni after *Jagged Little Pill*, when everyone said you're so obviously influenced by her. I said, 'Actually, I don't even have one of her records.' So then everyone was translating me with Joni Mitchell records.'"

Fromly friends, boyfriend's colleagues, no longer—relationships—a lot of people." The singer who professes a lifelong fascination with psychology, has been in and out of therapy since she was 16—everything from psychoanalysis to spiritual counselling. "I've read psychology books as far back as I could read," she says. "I consider that physical trauma the same as a therapy, but we have to understand our pain."

Morissette does not indulge in the usual escapades. She does not do the drugs, drink or smoke. "I've indulged with smoking pot," she says, "but I don't really feel comfortable doing it. I like being still and being connected. And I like in general to enjoy my cup of life. The things that I believe drugs can do, whether it's the clarity or out-of-body experience or whatever, I've experienced in a pretty big way by being straight."

So how does she get psyched up for a show? "I do yoga. I have a massage and I eat a lot of food. I believe in the power of food. I eat almonds," she says. Alanis? "I

eat nuts and I talk to my band members and I get on my bus and travel to the next city."

You only have to look at Morissette's hands to see that she's not entirely stress-free. Her fingers, the paint-chipped way, are left down to the quick—a habit she attributes to the pressure of constantly directing her two new videos. Distinct, however, has become much easier. "I'm laughing all the time," she says. "I didn't laugh once on the last tour. There was just too much going on, so much stress. I was just numb."

Instead, it is one of her favorite words. But lately Morissette has found some other words to take her mind off touring. She can retreat to her three-bed, 6,000-sq-ft Mediterranean-style house in the Brentwood area of Los Angeles. "It's my dream home," she says. "Sometimes I wish I could transport it outside of Los Angeles and live somewhere else. But I don't even live here. I own it. It's somewhat surreal. I have friends staying there, and I can stay there when I'm home, so I feel I'm borrowing it."

A lucrative reality show on *Jagged Little Pill* made her wealthy deed. And since visiting India, Morissette has also become a visible charity supporter—one dollar of every ticket sold for her Canadian tour goes to a local cause, such as Toronto's Covenant House, an agency for troubled kids. But the singer, who claims a Freud, says she has trouble finding ways to spend her money. "My business manager said all her clients have one thing that they spend their money on, and with me it's travel. Whether it's long-term or friends or family, I spend a pretty large amount of money doing people all over the world."

Morissette is a workaholic, always keeping open up. "I'll love to write a screenplay," she says. "I'd love to be in films, behind and in front of the camera. I love photography and poetry." Anything else? "I'm writing a book right now," she reveals. "It's a collage book. One chapter is a fictional story, the next chapter is a poem, the next is a song, the next is a review, the next chapter is a collection of reviews and questions. I may have to figure out where it fits in together, or not."

The current afflictions of Alanis Morissette raise questions: As she spins her emotional life into a collage industry, there is always a risk of becoming the Martha Stewart of controversial pop. She's just to grow that inner diva, she's not to be comparing as your narcissist. But in the Age of Vanity the apparent success of the woman—who took her entire song on severely missing the word "toxic"—comes as a tonic. There is something admirable about the faith with which she has invented herself. She is a workaholic in progress, a pop star searching for the next word. □



Shania and her stashes: an impossibly rich, supple, subtle and genuinely passionate voice—and a totally classy designer sheath for an outfit

The season of the diva

CORNER/ESSAY

BY JUDITH TIMSON

Calling all girls. Wondering what to be when you grow up? Here we got a list career for you! It's called being a diva. That used to be a high end level reserved for Maria Callas and other opera megastars who transcended culture and language with big, soaring voices and eyes to watch.

But now the word diva is on everyone's lips because, in the world of pop/rock music, this is the Year of the Woman. And in the year of the woman, think the Season of the Diva. And in the season of the diva, last week's Grammy awards show was the Night of Nighties, or should we say the Era of Envy?

That night, female pop and rock stars triumphed, taking home a record total of 17 Grammys. Madonna, Lauryn Hill, Celine, Shania, Alanis—they came, they sang, they conquered. And give or take a few fashion mistakes, they looked fabulous, dazzling. No matter what anyone says or sings about female empowerment, looking great is still a major requirement. In fact, if you're thinking seriously about being a diva, keep in mind one word: *confit*.

No gotta have warts. Madonna's old grishy skin-kiss, Celine's totally classy designer sheath with that art thingy on one side, Lauryn's meta hat. And then there was Shania—but more on that later.

The very excellent career news about being

a pop diva is that it's open to all females, regardless of background, race or age. You can be young and black like the abnormally talented 23-year-old American hip-hop star Lauryn Hill who walked away with a record. Or a womanly live Grease-style 45-year-old 1994-nominee Madonna, undeniably the only single-mom pop star in the world whose work has encouraged selling a sex manual wrapped in plastic to cover that teenage angst.

But best of all in this competitive global market, you can be Canadian. In fact, without Celine Dion, Shania Twain and Alanis Morissette—a trio of mega-selling talents who took home a total of six awards—the world of pop divas wouldn't be half so impressive. (Celine will also receive an International Achievement Award at the Junos on Sunday.) Celine, Alanis and Shania. Role models all for perspective glass. What else tell us about the job? Obviously, you need talent—like that impossibly rich voice of Celine's, which many of you young girls don't appreciate. "I just find her really amazing," you told us in answer to our highly unscientific survey—which pop diva would you like to be?—of any teenage girl we happened to bump into. Lovers, if you're not of going down with the ship in Celine belt-and the scrappy My Heart Will Go On, try her in French, as on her *Dion* album in which she is so much more supple, subtle and genuinely passionate.

Then there is the astoundingly self-confi-

dent Alanis, whose quirky lyrics and magnificent of gender rage in her previous album, *Jagged Little Pill*, were so compelling it became the best-selling female record ever. That success brought her the creative freedom to go from rage to reconciliation on her new album (not selling so well as the singer, mind you), but nonetheless daring in her Thank U video where she sings naked—what, an outfit—in the street.

And finally there's Phoebe. And *There You Were*. Under Shania, so glamorous and polished that it somehow takes away from those high-gloss songs. She's no glam that some of her country and western videos resemble ads for hair color. "We want to look like her!" you girls said. And Grammy night that is she showed up as *Untold Glory*, I felt like a Woman looking like Barbra Streisand. Breakfast at Tiffany's in a slinky, short black dress, thigh high black boots, long black gloves with dagger-like fingers like the fringe would be the country effect? A vehicle that would contain a Deleuzian, and her hair as a lady-like chignon. As Shania herself might have said it was "a female pleasure" space. I don't think that you girls think it was pants. "Oh well, maybe you make a mistake," said one of you kindly impressionists—even a pop diva can't let her outfit rule her, she has to rule her outfit.

Enough about fashion sense, how about diva education? Not as necessary as wearing your tail off in an early age. Celine didn't even

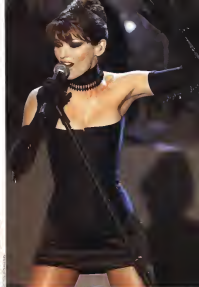
finish high school, but at 15 she was already letting out songs in her parent's Chevrolet. Gee, bar Alanis was whipping us lyrics by age 9. Work, work, work, that's all these divas do.

Twain started poor—Shania grew up in northern Ontario eating instant soups and Celine was the youngest of 14 children in her struggling family that you can also be the middle-class child of teachers, as in both Lauryn Hill and Alanis Morissette—arguably the best songwriters.

But let's get down to business because business is what it's all about. If you're a diva, your sticks are handled about as if you were a baseball player (to go Celine: \$85 million a year, 60 million plus in home sold worldwide). You can bet most record industry execs love the numbers even if they can't quite recall the tunes.

So what are the rewards of pop divas? Those CD sales will buy you the same pickup of material goods that make rock stars have ticked up. Celine has six pairs of shoes and a \$15 million plane (same old worldwide). You can bet most record industry execs love the numbers even if they can't quite recall the tunes.

Female pop and rock stars won a record 17 Grammys



The packaged Twain, hip-hop star Hill performing at the awards show (left), must record industry execs know the sales figures even if they can't quite recall the tunes

world to refresh herself creatively.

But let's not forget the ordinary touch. When Celine looks depressed she likes to clean out her closets or give her mother and sisters a facial and massage. Shania has been seen snacking out Asian staples, and Alanis shares her home with a childhood friend because she wants to roommate.

As for the so-called booty (sexual period) well it's a bit subtle. While Alanis, 24, is single, two of our three divas—Celine, 34, and Shania—are married. Their husbands, heavily involved in their careers as either managers or producers, are sometimes cynically seen as the Serpents behind the divas.

In fact, cynicism about pop divas is an occupational hazard. Male record store clerks, for instance, who will forgive Bob Dylan any number of changes of style, will rather firmly at Alanis's progress from dance-tronics to pop to rock to folk to jazz. Celine was a semi-back cover. Butcher's let the cynicism, the brutally hard work, the necessity to look at all times like the millions of people supposed to be eating put you off being a diva. There's no life like it.

One last thing: Do divas have longevity? Will they last as long as Mick? Or, heaven, we'll have to wait and see. But take note of Lauryn Hill's situation as she braced up or steps for another round. "Stay first." Now that's advice for the ages. □

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People

Edited by
TANYA DAVIES

The Bradford take on writing

Even reading goes better with Coke. Or at least it does for best-selling author **Barbara Taylor Bradford**. That Coke happens, almost all of them, women, are four times more likely than regular Coke fans to read while sipping their drinks, according to Coca-Cola Ltd. So the soft-drink giant studied 8.5 million copies of the 14-page prequel to Bradford's new novel, *A Soldier's Change of Heart*, and packs of Diet Coke in the United States. While Coke looks to increase sales, Bradford views the arrangement as something more than innovative joint marketing: "It is a very good fit, conceptually," says the 53-year-old writer whose phenomenal commercial success has turned her into a savvy businesswoman. "But I also saw it as something that would help promote literacy." Bradford was one of 16 prominent writers, including **Stephen King**, to donate \$15,000 each to support a literacy program in New York City, where she lives.

The Yorkshire, England-born Bradford can afford to be generous. Her 15 novels about successful women successfully overcoming tragedy have sold 60 million copies worldwide. Together with the new movie-of-the-week or miniseries spun from them—produced by **Robert Bradford**, her husband of 36 years—Bradford should have pushed her to No. 1 three years running in the *London Daily Mirror's* list of highest-earning British women (excluding **Queen Elizabeth II**). Still, Bradford cautions that published reports of her fortune exceeding \$1 billion are "wrong, wrong, wrong."

The plot of *A Soldier's Change of Heart* demonstrates Bradford's



Bradford: I write about strong, ethical women, and I think like them.

ease with high finance and high art: appraiser **Laura Valenti** attempts to track down and restore to their rightful owners art works looted by the Nazis, while dealing with her husband's bisexuality. As for the central issue: the novel mixes—the rights of individuals who paid vast sums in good faith for art stolen decades earlier—Bradford has no doubts about what they should do. "I write books about strong, ethical women," she says. "And I think like them—what was stolen must go back."

Shining on, and off, the screen

What for many young actors is an end—bang cast in youth-oriented, hip television shows and films—for **Angie Featherstone** is just the news. "I've always wanted to be a writer, and I thought it would be easier with some money, so I started acting," says the 30-year-old native of Hamilton, Featherstone moved to New York City in 1994, went to auditions and slowly started getting roles. Three years later, she



Featherstone stars in *Big Girl*

landed the plum part as Chloe, the woman who falls between **Ross** and **Rachel** in the popular TV series *Friends*. Last summer, Featherstone co-starred with **Adam Sandler** in the hit film, *The Wedding Singer*. Now, she is in 2000's *Big Girl*, an ensemble comedy about friends celebrating New Year's Eve in New York in 1981. Along with Featherstone, it features a who's-who of young talent, including **Ben Affleck**, **Christina Ricci**, singer **Courtney Love** and **Janeane Garofalo**. "I had the best time," says Featherstone of the shoot. "I

met so many actors I didn't know and Courtney was great. I'm going to see her in concert soon."

Last year, Featherstone took her first step toward becoming a scriptwriter when she co-wrote a TV sitcom, *Gregor for NBC*. She will produce and star in the upcoming sitcom about a lucky **Warner Bros.** studio decorator. "I wanted to get in with the writers to learn how to write comedy," she says. "Acting isn't allowed in the process, so the only way to go is to create and produce a show." The best of both sides of the camera.

Coming out swinging

He has endured family tragedy. Now George Chuvalo is fighting back.

BY RAE CORRIE

He is 61 years old, but beneath the short, steel-grey hair remnants of barbed wire he could pass for 51. The bloated face and body of times past have yielded to diet and exercise. George Chuvalo, at six inch over six feet, has lost 40 lb since last February and now, more or less fit, weighs in at a compact 286. Outwardly, the toughest heavyweight fighter this country has ever produced is in good shape. Inwardly, Chuvalo remains tormented by the drug-related deaths, years apart, of three sons and his wife. The memories haunt him, especially at night when he is alone, but they have also infused him with a scintillating passion. Like a priest at a penitential and reaches a bit of both, he travels the country, exhorting high school kids, rather youth, police officers and adult groups to heed the dangers of illicit drugs. Last year, he spoke to students in every province except New Brunswick, and he expects to hit the road again this month. "My agenda is essentially preventive medicine," Chuvalo says.

He sits at the kitchen of his apartment in north-west Toronto, wearing a green T-shirt and blue slacks and sipping peach tea. A small dog, a pure poodle called Tippy, is gnawing his foot. On the table is a photo album, its pages filled with the frozen smiles of long-dead children. Beyond the doorway into the living room, the afternoon sun shines on a dangerous leather chair and the stereo is playing the music of 1960s, sure as giant Jewish Smith. Chuvalo talks only reluctantly, as if none of it matters any more, about his 21 years as Canada's heavyweight champion and the bone-crushing, losing battles with Joe Frazier, George Foreman and Muhammad Ali, none of whom could knock him down.

What Chuvalo really wants to talk about is his upbringing, one that war in his behavior about. With passion and simple conviction, he goes from city to city, urging teenagers to reject the idea that drugs are "cool," to respect themselves, to make life and career choices and stick to them, to recognize and claim "the greatness that goes on in the world." He is drawn by the horror of what he calls "my personal holocaust."

When people ask him how he got through the suffering that once seemed endless, he says "I just



it like this, how I'm getting through it. When you're awake and fully conscious, your mind kind of protects you. But once I sleep, I really sleep, since things slow down, the TV's off, the lights are out and I'm there with my own thoughts, I have a hard time, I have a hard time. It's like an anxiety attack." Several sharply defined beards dramatize the feeling. "It's the only time I feel sorry for myself. I think, 'How can you even live after that, how the hell did all that happen?'" The voice chimes and the eyes well up. "You don't want to be me after midnight."

The son of Canadian immigrant parents who worked in the slaughterhouses of west-central Toronto, Chuvalo found his life unraveling about six years after he returned from the ring in 1976 (with a record of 78-17-3, including 71 knockouts). His son Jesse, in constant pain following surgery to repair the knee he had broken in a motorcycle accident, took a friend's advice at a party one night in 1984 and tried heroin to ease the discomfort. Less than a year later, on Feb. 18, 1985, he went into his bedroom and shot himself. He was 30.

Jesse's older brothers, high-school dropouts George Lee and Steven, were already in trouble. In 1984, their teenage flirtation with drugs had progressed to heroin, and after Jesse killed himself, they began shooting even more of it. In 1987, they were arrested for robbing a drugstore and imprisoned. On Halloween, 1989, George Lee, but wearing out of jail, felt the heroin rush for the last time. They found his body in a shabby hotel room in west-end Toronto. He was 30.

For Lynne Chuvalo, the loss of her second son was beyond endurance. Two days after George Lee's funeral, Chuvalo came home to find his wife in bed, dead from an overdose of prescription drugs. The shock sent him down for the count. "They say I was in bed for a month-and-a-half after that," he says. "Toronto would come round, my family, but I don't remember. I just went out of bed to go to the bathroom, but I don't remember."

And then there was Steven, at the time one of his three surviving children. Steven, now 33, has a degree in classical studies from the University of Guelph, and Mitchell, 28, is a high-school teacher and football and wrestling coach in Toronto. In 1993, the CBC's *At the Heart of the Matter* aired a documentary on the Chuvalo family's anguish. Chuvalo plays a video of the program as part of his presentation wherever he goes. In it, Steven speaks of his life as a heroin addict, of his sense of worthlessness, of how his father repeatedly rescued him from bankruptcy and, on one occasion, from a snowmobile. "Steven's a scholar, Steven's a handsome kid, sure little kid, talks nice, sweet," says Chuvalo. "When he talks, he talks about beating heroin, and you believe him as he's talking, it's hard not to believe him. Then it ends, it ends. I talk a bit but the show's over, you know the video part."

And so in the short, tortured life of Steven Chuvalo. On Aug. 17, 1996, less than two weeks after he finished serving a sentence for yet another drugstore robbery, Chuvalo's third drug-addicted son died in his sister Vanessa's Toronto



Chuvalo rocking **At the Heart of the Matter** with a left to 1986; in a Toronto-area gym (opposite) driven by the horror of 'my personal holocaust'

apartment of a heroin overdose. She found him there when she came home. He was 35.

When he brings his audiences up to date by telling them of Steven's death, Chuvalo says, "there's an audible gasp. They didn't expect that. They expected me to talk about my two sons who were gone, my wife, but they didn't expect another son, a brother, talking out on the video. And when they see somebody like that, I talk about how young people today have to be a lot smarter to survive. I talk about lots of things. I talk about how they have to leave their father working and make sure their mother's working so they can take it to what's going on."

Perhaps because Steven's death was the most recent as because there was something special in their relationship, Chuvalo laughs with his reflections. "He quit high school. I let him, I thought he was going to go back but he didn't. You know when he went back? When he was in jail. He completed high school inside. They let him take courses from Queen's University while he was in Collins Bay Penitentiary. He loved Russian literature, imagine, my little drug addict son loved Russian literature. Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, Solzhenitsyn. He loved all these guys. He had a passion for that stuff. He should have gone to university on the outside, studied Russian literature, psychology, whatever and done something with his life. He had the brains. He was a smart kid."

In the two-hour interview, Chuvalo's emotions lie all over the map. Now he turns his anger on the entertainment industry. For the way they promote drug use and they don't tell you the real story. "He singles out Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction* in which John Travolta plays a hip-hopster hooked on heroin. 'Tall, dark, wet-back, handsome, doing drugs—and

PROFILE

still looking fit, dapper, handsome and well-built." Chvala says. "What's the message? Hey, you can do drugs and still look like John Travolta, you can do drugs and carry on a normal life. That's sending out the message that you can do drugs and not worry with it and nothing could be farther from the truth."

What is a work here, he says, is the selection of imagery: that the drug-related deaths of rock stars and actors like Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, John Belushi and River Phoenix "in the minds of some kids were, like, cool. My mom taught me that whole anatomy of cool. I talk about it and I talk about it pretty explicitly, maybe as if it can be because you can't believe that you can live 'em but I don't want to do that. In the beginning, my sons didn't know they'd get so carried at the sight of heroin they'd be cringing their pants, nobody does. They didn't know they'd start shooting, secretly, they didn't know that part of it."

This personal indictment of the teenagers goes beyond illicit drugs. Says Chvala, "You have to wonder about a society like ours that can't tolerate seeing how young people are seduced by drugs while it not only tolerates smoking and drinking but encourages both by its example."

The winter sun has melted enough to put late-afternoon shadows in the living room and "Tiger the dog is off searching for something else to dig on. It is nearly a month after Christmas, "which is always tough," Chvala says. "You tend to get overwhelmed by things. Even if horrible things haven't happened, you get melancholy, kind of moody." But he got through it, he says, with the help of his second wife, Joanne, whom he married on Jan. 25, 1995. Now 42, she is a registered nurse who brought their children to the marriage. Kelly, 31, and Jesse, 16. Baby, as it happens, is standing by the stove eating peas. In the seriousness of his extended family, Chvala has at last found comfort.

On Christmas Eve, he went to Barre, another north of Toronto town his grandchildren, Jesse, 12, and Rachel, 16. They are Steven's children and live with his widow. "I go out there I see them," Chvala says. "I love them so much." Last year Rachel was an award for having the highest marks in Grade 10 science. "When you see her, you feel so proud and happy," says Chvala. "All those little things make you feel good." Jesse does such a believable imitation of U.S. President Bill Clinton that Chvala imitated it.

Inevitably, the conversation returns to boxing. While his encounters with the likes of Pacquiao and Ali made him a headline, Chvala says his most memorable bout was on Sept. 25, 1985, at New York City's Madison Square Garden against Manuel Rios, the six-foot, four-inch Mexican heavyweight champion. "I knocked him out in the 11th round. I think he was ranked number 4 in the world. I knocked out all the number 4s. I had trouble with the ones, two and threes."

He wants to be subject, recalling that he had always wanted to be a fighter and was working out as a gym by the age of 18. "I think of boxing as being the bravest form of sport. It's more natural to fight than any other sport. It's more natural to fight than play hockey or golf. A person would understand boxing, he wouldn't understand golf. Boxing to me is the respect for power. No other sport more clearly demonstrates one man's superiority over another quite like boxing. When a guy goes down for the count at 10, everybody knows who was the fight."

The years of the big paydays (he got \$65,000 for his May 1, 1993, fight against Ali) are long gone. Now, Chvala depends on the



In 1994: (clockwise from top left) Steven, Mitchell, Jesse, George Lee and Lynn

'I talk about how young people today have to be a lot smarter to survive'

from single speaking engagements or the sponsorship of supporters such as the United Food and Commercial Workers Union, which granted him last year's tour—and Exuperior Plus, a Toronto-area courier company. He made a half-hour appearance on January 1. "The pay's not bad, it's OK, I stay alive," he says. "We get by, we get by. Money's less of a factor in my life right now, it doesn't seem as important. I don't worry about becoming fifty rich." He still goes to the gym, where his routine includes a series of bench presses at 400 lb. "The physical thing goes on a little balance—I don't let it weigh me, I'm lighter."

Cooking helps as well, and he cooks off a lot of specialties—"I can make stuffed peppers. I can make cabbage rolls, all kinds of stews and soups, all kinds of fish, stewed fish, brown stewed fish, macaroni, Thai food, Greek food, a little bit of everything. I'm trying to be less messy about the way I cook, I drive people nuts." Alone at night, he often revisits boxing and the unanswered question of whether he could have done anything to save his dead sons. But in the welcome light of day, he is cheered by the love of his surviving children, his grandchildren and his new family. "When I talk to young people about drugs or staying off drugs," Chvala says, "I always talk about love is your life and sometimes people say, 'Oh, yeah, love, you're not going to live with me with that stuff are you?' But what else is there in life? What else are we here for if we can't love people? I love being with Joanne, I love making up to laughter in the house." A relatively new and refreshing way to greet the day. After 40 years of punishment in and out of the ring, George Chvala is still on his feet. □

Health MONITOR

Help for the quitters

Sander Meyer started smoking in her early teens and, over the next four decades, cultivated a 30-cigs-a-day habit. Bouts of bronchitis, a "horrendous" smoker's cough and a chance of cancer with a heavy smoking buddy stretched by emphysema convinced Meyer she should quit. But she couldn't. "I tried acupuncture and laser therapy, nicotine chewing gum and the patch," says Meyer, 56, a retired bank clerk who lives in Mississauga, Ont. "But the longest I could stay off cigarettes was a week."

Then she met Zylton, a smoking drug that began life as an antidepressant and turned out to be remarkably effective in helping people to quit. After misadventure: Glaxo Wellcome, now Canadian regulatory clearance for the drug in August, Meyer went straight to her doctor for a prescription. "I was like a miracle," says Meyer, who stopped using Zylton in December. "I felt no craving at all for nicotine, and I haven't smoked for five months. I feel great."

Work of mouth like that is making Zylton a bestseller. In the drug's first four months in Canada, physicians wrote 157,000 prescriptions for the people pills, giving Zylton about 40 per cent of the market for smoking cessation aids. "It's hot stuff," says Dr. Stephen Scrima, a physician at the Toronto West with smokers at Toronto's Centre for Addiction and Mental Health. "Lots of patients are asking for Zylton." It's the ragey pill of the moment. Addiction experts like

Dr. Brian Kucera say it's an addict from their habit without offering a substitute supply of nicotine like the popular transdermal patch—which injects nicotine through a wafer that quitters' skin—or nicotine chewing gum.

Though scientists are not exactly sure how Zylton works, the drug apparently acts on two of the brain's chemical pathways—dopamine and acetylcholine—that are involved in nicotine addiction. As a result, says Dr. Andrew Pines, director of the smoking cessation program at the University of Ottawa's Heart Institute, smokers who are trying to quit experience pleasurable feelings akin to those induced by nicotine, while Zylton

simultaneously reduces the craving that usually accompanies nicotine withdrawal. Zylton has another advantage: at about \$1.60 a day, popping the pills costs about half as much as the patch—or a moderate cigarette habit.

With more than six million Canadians—37 per cent of the adult population—still smoking and two thirds of them listing pallors they would like to stop, there is plenty of room for better anti-smoking aids. Like all drugs, Zylton has side-effects—they can include a dry mouth and difficulty sleeping. Doctors who prescribe Zylton report that for a small group of patients like Meyer, only



Quitting, not for some smokers, Zylton was easy

Bacteria and the heart

Over the past decade, growing evidence has pointed to bacteria as a possible cause of heart disease. Now, two Toronto-based researchers believe they have discovered how *Chlamydia pneumoniae* bacteria—which can be transmitted sexually or by inhalation—can invade an animal and wreak havoc with its heart. After experiments with mice, Dr. Joel Penninger and Dr. Kurt Bachmann, both microbiologists at Princess Margaret Hospital, conclude that the key is a protein on the surface of the bacteria that closely resembles proteins in the heart. Writing in the journal *Science*, they said the similarity can cause an overactive immune system into attacking and damaging not only the bacteria but the heart and blood vessels as well. Penninger said that if the same process occurs in humans, the discovery could lead to screening methods for detecting and treating future heart disease victims.

Rethinking a cancer

Clinical studies have shown that treating some cases of cervical cancer with both radiation and chemotherapy can dramatically improve survival rates, the U.S. National Cancer Institute announced. After reviewing studies involving nearly 2,000 patients in the United States, the agency issued an unusual advisory recommending that doctors begin using the dual treatment for cervical cancer that has spread within the pelvis. Until now, doctors have treated such cases with radiation alone, experts said the five-year survival rate with that treatment was about 50 per cent. The new studies showed combined therapy further reduced the number of deaths by up to 50 per cent. "These are very significant reductions," said Dr. John H. Thompson, a radiation oncologist at Toronto's Sunnybrook Hospital, who carried out early studies of dual therapy and helped direct three of the recent trials.

Time between babies

New mothers who wait from 18 to 23 months between babies have the greatest chance of having healthy babies, according to a study that tracked more than 170,000 babies born to Mormon women in Utah between 1989 and 1996. Researchers from the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention said that babies born about 210 days after their mother's previous child were less likely to be premature or suffer from low birth weight—factors that can adversely affect infant health. Writing in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, the researchers added that allowing more than five years to elapse between pregnancies could be risky for infants as well.

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Education

Independence day

Launching a first in The Gambia

In the land of Kunta Kinteh, the enslaved hero of Alex Haley's epic novel *Roots*. And for that, tens of years, the proud people who inhabited the swampy bays and narrow valleys that now make up The Gambia were brutalized and banished by ruthless European slave traders. Born long after the impoverished West African nation gained its independence from Britain in 1963, many of its land and brightest were forced into exile by the absence of a homegrown university. Gambian students travelled to institutions overseas or to neighbouring countries, and many never returned. But last month, a milestone in the young country's history changed all that. Armed with applause, 62 incoming students in the capital, Banjul, marched to the podium and received their degrees in the first university graduation ceremony ever held on Gambian soil. The proceedings were broadcast live throughout the day country of 1.3 million, and the large audience included President Yahya Jammeh and a host of other dignitaries. "They were so proud of these students," says Michael Larsen, the dean of arts at Saint Mary's University in Halifax and a guest at the event. "It was a really powerful moment."

There was pride, too, in the hearts of Saint Mary's staff who helped make it possible. The Nova Scotia university has operated the branch campus from which the students graduated last month since 1989. Classes are taught in the spacious facilities available at the school of trade schools—the country's only postsecondary institutions. Although Canadian colleges and universities today are involved in a wide range of student exchanges and other international programs, the Saint Mary's venture is unique for the impact it has had on an entire nation. Over the next five years, the branch campus will evolve into the University of The Gambia. "We really are creating a university from scratch," says John Young, a professor emeritus in chemistry at Saint Mary's who has done two teaching visits in the country.

About 200 students enrolled in the program, which is funded almost entirely by the



Larsen (right) with graduate Yousouf Sarboe, proud.

Gambian government. Applicants must meet the same admission requirements as Saint Mary's students in Canada. Sixty per cent of the students are on full government scholarships. Tuition costs \$2,000 a year for five credits, approximately a third of what foreign students pay in Canada.

Over the course of a school year, about 25 Saint Mary's grads parachute in to teach intensive, semester credit courses. Faculty members are living up to their job, despite often less than ideal conditions. Classes are large, supplies are scarce, and power is intermittently blacked out to save resources. From April to June, temperatures soar above 32° C and are sometimes in the 40s.

A shortage of scientific equipment limits the program to largely arts courses in such fields as English, economics and math. But the resourcefulness of some professors has allowed the university to offer a small number of science courses. For \$20,000, Young cobbled together cast-off equipment from corporate donors and garage sales to create an intensive chemistry lab. The computer

laboratory, which enables students to carry out a wider range of experiments, is now being introduced as a number of Nova Scotia high schools. Young, 40, says the major hardship that professors face in The Gambia are the outwashed by the enormous dedication of the students. "They're the best I've ever had," he says. "They left it was a chance for them to get out of poverty and they just worked and worked."

Saltzman Bab, a 37-year-old official with The Gambia Ports Authority, joined the Saint Mary's project right at its only shot at a degree, and he now can't wait to see it. He attended classes in the morning and worked at the port in the afternoon. After a small supper and a two-hour nap, he would hit the books, studying from 9 p.m. to 5 a.m. "Sometimes I was very exhausted, so I just decided to sleep," he recalls. "Sleep, wake, read, sleep, wake, read—that was how my life went. It was really tough for me."

Bab, who graduated magna cum laude with a multi-degree last month, says the efforts of Saint Mary's University and the Nova Scotia-Gambia Association, the Halifax-based development organization that sponsored the project, have changed his life. He joined in 1989 by Dennis Desjardis, a former Halifax high-school teacher and a Saint Mary's alumnus, the association has operated more than 20 educational projects involving Gambia and Canadian. Desjardis, now 60, says he thought of the branch campus concept after being repeatedly asked by young people in The Gambia how they could attend university in Canada. With the prohibitive cost of overseas studies for Gambians, Desjardis figured it would be cheaper to offer university programs locally and approached Saint Mary's with the idea. "It is a visionary reality," says Bab. "He's done a lot for our country."

The program comes at a time when Canadian colleges and universities are ramping up efforts to boost their reputations abroad. In some cases, the motivation is partly mercenary. Last year, the project helped the Richard Bay School of Business at the University of Western Ontario in London opened a campus in the lucrative Hong Kong market as part of a plan to be the "premier global supplier of business education."

Saint Mary's branch campus in The Gambia was not designed as a money-maker. But there are awards. The project helped the university land a five-point, \$2 million grant from the Canadian International Development Agency to assist in establishing the University of The Gambia. And for semantic academics, says Larsen, anything that disciplines the image of overseas university lowers all of novel gaining eyeballs is a plus. "There's a tendency in North America to bash universities," he says. "People like them for granted." In The Gambia, that is a lesson they have yet to learn.

JOHN SCHIFFIELD

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The author talks with dark sexual undertones, and violence.

Literary autopsies

Minette Walters spares few murderous details

BY BARRY CAME

The rainwater of the rain like many of her more distant neighbors in the rolling hills of rural Dorset, does admire the elaborate social ritual that surrounds the hunt, that most quintessential pursuit of the English squirearchy. But unlike most, she is so far of its seducing purpose. "No one," she kindly asserts, "would lose a problem with people having about the countryside with their horses and their hounds if the object of the whole exercise were not the murder of some poor bloody fox." Alarmed by the mere hint in her own voice, she abruptly stops. "Sorry," she says after a sip of white wine, "but you see I feel very, very strongly about killing. I'm a pacifist, in every respect."

A surprising admission perhaps, especially for readers of any of the six prose narratives that have earned Minette Walters the reputation she now enjoys. At 45, she is one of Britain's best-selling crime writers, the latest in a long and distinguished line of females to master the craft of the classic English "whodunit." Unlike the works of some of her celebrated predecessors, however, Walters' novels are not polite affairs, played out over tea and watercress in the drawing room. Each is a grim portrait of murder, at times violent, usually depraved, often coun-

ting with dark sexual undertones. What is more, the detail is unsparring, searing descriptions of the grisly business are capable of inflicting upon each other. Her 1992 debut novel, *The Ice House*, opens with a Labrador rolling in the decomposing bowels of an ewe's, blackened corpse. Her most recent book, *The Drowner*, published last fall, begins with a drowning, murdered woman whose dying thoughts dwell with "intense rage" upon "the deliberate breaking of her fingers...not the brutality of her rape."

If these introductions are arresting, it is no accident. "An expert angle," is how *Elle* law crime writer Colin Dexter, creator of Inspector Morse, describes Walters. Enough readers have been hooked that her books are regularly best sellers in more than 50 languages. She has won the highest accolades the crime writing world can bestow, including a John Creasey award in Britain and an Edgar Allan Poe in the United States. Her first five novels have all been filmed for television by the BBC. Walters has been with Eight years ago, Success was a housewife and number of men supplementing the family income by penning short stories and romances. Today she is described as the literary descendant of Agatha Christie and Dorothy L. Sayers, the peer of contemporaries P. D. James and Ruth Rendell. "Of course, I've been absolutely gob-

smacked by how quickly everything has happened," Walters confesses with a self-deprecating grin. She is the kind of woman celebrities like to call polite, with a cup of loose blood oozing in place of the dark shoulder-length hair she wore when she first burst into prominence. She sits surrounded, if by the casual signs of her achievement, to the entrance of the estate she and her husband, business consultant Alec Walters, purchased two months ago. It is a collection of 18th-century grey stone buildings, including cottages, barns, stables, even a church, scattered over 18 hectares of Dorset countryside 15 km southeast of Dorchester. "Right in Thomas Hardy country," says Walters, beaming with undiminished delight.

It is also Agatha Christie country, particularly the kind of place where one might expect to bump into Hercule Poirot or Miss Marple. While Walters, too, sets many of her novels in rural England, the violent black ends there. "In a typical Christie death tends to become accidental as everyone comes on into the drawing room for tea," she argues. "In my books I really do not want the reader to have any doubt that I regard death—violent death—as something absolutely vile and shocking."

Walters' readers, as a result, are spared few details of the horror wrought upon the corpse strewn throughout her books. She does not deny that the graphic precision found in her prose can be misinterpreted. "I'm often accused of giving people the wrong sort of ideas," she cautions. "But I'd say I hope that it works in exactly the opposite direction, that what I'm really doing is showing people the utter futility of it." By "it," she means murder, a subject that fascinates her. "What intrigues me," she explains, "is why there is this incredibly small minority of people who are the killing of another as a solution to a problem rather than as most of the rest of us do, the beginning of an entirely different set of new problems." There is a sense, she says, that it is almost, in a nutshell, in what we're about.

To be more correct, it is what she wants about now. Walters began her career after studying French and German literature at Durham University, writing poems of a far different sort. "It was all terribly surrealistic, a lot of crap honestly, totally unpublishable," she laughs, her face lit up. "I was in my old job as a bookend into magazines, eventually ending up in the London office of Human's *Blackity* magazine, where she edited the hospital romance section. "I had to find eight novelettes a month," she recalls, "each had to be 30,000 words long, about 'dystopian' and parables. I was wretchedly difficult." So, trying, in fact, that Walters, on a drive from a colleague, started to write the romance herself. "I got no paid at it, I soon began to earn more money from my writing than I did from my job as an editor. So I quit and started to be a freelance writer."

That came to an end in 1975 with the birth



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BOOKS

of the first of Walter's sons. "I stopped writing completely for almost eight years," she says. When the boys went off to boarding school, however, she decided to attempt a kicking dream. "I always wanted to write a crime novel," she explains. "I'm not sure why, except that I am endlessly fascinated by dead bodies. It may be because my mother died when I was 9. But it's also got something to do with the fact that I think one of the great injustices of life is that the victim in a murder trial never gets to tell his side of the story while the murderer can tell what ever he or she likes."

Two-and-a-half years later, *The Ice House* was published. Initial hopes were not high. "I was told that I'd be bloody lucky to see 2,000 copies," she says graciously. "Well, it took three weeks to pay back the advance and that book is still earning me a handsome living." *The Ice House* won the 1992 British Crime Writers' Association John Creasey award for best first crime novel. Walter's second book—*The Scoundrel*—won the U.S. Edgar Allan Poe award for best crime novel of 1992. The British association then awarded her third novel, *The Skull's Bride*, its coveted gold dagger for best crime novel of 1994. The BBC has already broadcast dramatizations of all three, and in April will air Walter's fourth novel, *The Dark Room*.

Her works are distinguished not only by the gritty descriptions but also by her careful attention to the psychology of her characters. "Motivation is what interests me," she says, "what drives people to do the things they do." Walter's characters, as a result, are usually very real. Her books are not plagued by psychopaths but by ordinary folk pushed to extraordinary lengths. Walter even claims she usually does not know who committed the murder until she is halfway through the book. "I never write plot novels," she explains. "I start with an idea, then I people the book with characters, each of whom would have a motive for murder."

Anthony stands at Walter's work. Nothing is ever quite what it seems. *The Scoundrel*, arguably Walter's best novel, features her most complex creation—Oliver, the 35-year-old character accused of carving up her mother and sister. The reader is never entirely convinced of Oliver's guilt, not even at the very end of the book when the scale on her face is left open to all sorts of interpretation. In this regard, Walter claims she owes a debt to Graham Greene, the late British author. "He is my total hero," she proclaims enthusiastically. "I'm sure I've absorbed an incredible amount from him, in particular the cautious cautioning about the human condition. The man's prose is unbelievable, an example of somebody who wrote high literature but made it palatable. It's very easy to read Graham Greene." As easy, in fact, as it is to read Maureen Walters. []

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This is not a woman resting on her laurels. After a recent show, Snyder struts into her office at 10:30 a.m. and huddles with Maria Cole, one of her two co-producers, to talk about the next day's program. As producer, Snyder is involved in most aspects of the show and emcees she can be demanding. Cole describes Snyder as energetic and determined when it comes to leading guests. "I've never met anyone as hardworking," adds Cole. Snyder seems to have been off-

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MEDIA

quarters. "I think she has an enormous amount of talent," says Nathalie Pérois, a columnist with *La Presse*. "Viewers have the feeling that anything can happen, which is rare in television."

Snyder credits the live format with helping create that sensation. "It's more spontaneous," she says. "There are some things that happen in a live show that could never happen in a pre-taped show." A case in point, once when Snyder needed to fill 15 minutes after a guest failed to show, she sent a staffer outside to find an electrician. The man who eventually appeared was decidedly reluctant to be on TV. When Snyder asked why, he said the police would be after him because he had violated his probation by missing his 11 p.m. curfew by 15 minutes. Snyder also delights in surprising her guests. When Tory leader Joe Clark recently appeared with his wife, Margaret McTern, and daughter Catherine, the host read an old McTern quote saying that Clark had the best sense of humor of any man she had met. "Have you met many men?" cracked Snyder. "We don't know him intimately, but he doesn't look like a party animal."

The only child of an insurance broker and his wife, a medical technician, Snyder grew up in a middle-class francophone home in a Montreal suburb. She took drama in school and even auditioned unsuccessfully for a film when she was only 10. Snyder caught the television bug after a visit to high school as a contributor for a local cable show. "I was like a fish in water," recalls Snyder. After a few gigs on other programs, she landed a job hosting a weekly cultural show on the Quatre Seasons network in 1989. During the first taping of *Sortir*, Snyder says she was so nervous and her performance so bad that her bosses considered firing her, but decided to keep her on. Later, she was an award for her work on the show.

After *Sortir* was cancelled, Snyder moved to Radio-Canada in 1992 for a summer series, *L'après-midi avec moi*. The show caught her by storm. Once, during a now famous interview with actress Catherine Deneuve, Snyder wore a bag over her head in need of being compared with the French beauty. Snyder, in need of a change, quit after five seasons. Since then, in addition to doing *Le Pique*, she has coproduced two French-language *Céline Dion* specials with the singer's husband, René Angélil. For all her success, Snyder admits to bouts of self-doubt. "It's very difficult for me to live with criticism," says Snyder, a perfectionist who shares her Montreal home with her cat, Mona. "But I know it's the grapes—you have to live with it." Still, the critics have been far more kind than cruel to Québec's late-night talkshow diva. And Snyder's star shows no signs of waning.

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Allan Fotheringham

Doktor Froth has a cure for the (dis)united right

Welcome, Doktor Froth, to the production of peripateticism of me to present you personally about the perimeter.

Excuse the rudeness of your chair, as it is the physiological physiology of the subject.

Well, yes, I don't want to get a grip on this United Alternative conference in Ottawa.

No one can ever understand anything that happens in Ottawa. That is an endemic problem of sitting every Canadian.

How much they should have held it somewhere else?

Yes, Moose Jaw. The model of the nation. That would have removed it from the Ottawa disease.

What is the Ottawa disease?

Is the belief that everyone lives there—and there are only three politicians, politicians, journalists, novelists, servants—in important. They're not.

But what is the United Alternative?

It is a concept, an epiphany as the summer breeze, at a party that isn't successful trying to rough it out into a different sense while soiling out the unrelated affliction of another party that isn't going anywhere anyway.

So you're saying the Ottawa conference, going into it with two parties, is now going to come out of it with three parties?

Technically, yes.

This is progress?

No, it's called the United Alternative.

I told it to be in Preston Manning's idea?

Yes, or possibly his murder, Rick Anderson, or maybe his kidnapping, or possibly his idea.

Who is Rick Anderson?

Former strong Liberal. Backroom spin doctor. Convinced Preston to let his hair, ditch glasses for contacts, get his teeth fixed, a voice doctor to doctor his speech, a tailor to introduce him to Ross and Tommy Hilgert and emerge—in a suit—as "the man who talks like it."

Has this worked?

No. Preston Manning still emerges as TV sounding as if his jockey shorts are on too tight.



So what's the solution?

The solution is Stuckwell Day.

Who is?

Stuckwell Day (great Hollywood name) is Ralph Klein's finance minister. Tall. Handsome. Speaks French. Used to live in Montreal. Witty. Performance.

What's wrong with that?

What's wrong is that Stuckwell Day has firmly held views.

What's wrong with that, after all those ungodly publicists?

What's wrong is that has firmly held views are mainly out of the Old Testament. He's got an evangelical spirit named up his business. Unlike Clifford Olson should be allowed into the prison yard at exercise time so the boys could take care of him.

What's wrong with that?

Most Canadians would probably agree with him, but that type of talk does not a leader make.

Well, who else is there?

Stephen Harper, former deputy to Preston. Speaks French fluently.

What's wrong with that?

Sure. No sense of humour.

Comes across on the tube as grim.

Orin we have a surplus of that, what with the Pearson and Joe.

What's next, Joe?

Janette Clark, the man with the worst political judgement in Canada in history, thinks he can be prime minister—as does Preston. Both need to see a psychiatrist. Quickly.

What about Klein himself?

Ralph is a former radio reporter in Calgary. Former radio reporter in Calgary. Former radio reporter in speaking French.

Is that the only drawback?

No, the real drawback is that Ralph sees his wife say that if he goes to Ottawa, he will go alone. This means that he is either in love, or has been married a long time—whichever comes first.

So what does this all mean?

It means Mrs. Klein is a very smart lady. She understands what Ottawa is all about (see above).

You still haven't told us, if I may interrupt, where the United Alternative is going.

It's going into the great, mountain to the sky. Janette and the Pearson are so wrapped up in it—Sara Wright—that they won't give up their own feelings. Though neither has seen a horse since Timex, voters of Ontario, who control everything, don't trust anyone from Alberta.

Is this fair?

Of course. This is Canada. No one in Alberta trusts anyone from Ontario. It's what makes this country great. Everyone hates everyone else.

Go, Doc, you're a great help in avoiding the frustration.

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